This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com




UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN-DEARBORN
3 9076 00220 9299
Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



OF MICHIGAN-DEARBORN
6 00220 9299

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Donated by the

Grand Rapids Public Library
The May G. Quigley
Collection
of Children's Literature

December 2001

The University of Michigan-Dearborn
Mardigian Library

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

J. Dennie Esq.
from His Publishers
Christmas 1810

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE MISCHIEF BOOK

BY

WILLIAM BUSCH,

AUTHOR OF

"MAX AND MAURICE."

FROM THE GERMAN, BY

ABBY LANGDON ALGER.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
R. WORTHINGTON, 750 BROADWAY.
1880

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. ICE-PETER.—The Story of the foolish Boy who would go Skating, -	7
II. CAT AND RAT.—The Story of a persistent Pussy, pursuing her prey, - - - - - - - - -	25
III. THE BOY AND THE PIPE.—The Story of the disobedient Boy who would smoke his father's Pipe, -	39
IV. HANS HUCKEBEIN.—The Story of the frisky Raven which mischievous Fritz brought home, -	53
V. THE BOY AND THE POP-GUN.—The Story of naughty Frank and his terrible Pop-Gun, - - -	79

Copyright, 1877, by William F. Gill.

Digitized by Google

ICE-PETER.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



In 1812, when wood was high,
And icy winter all did try;

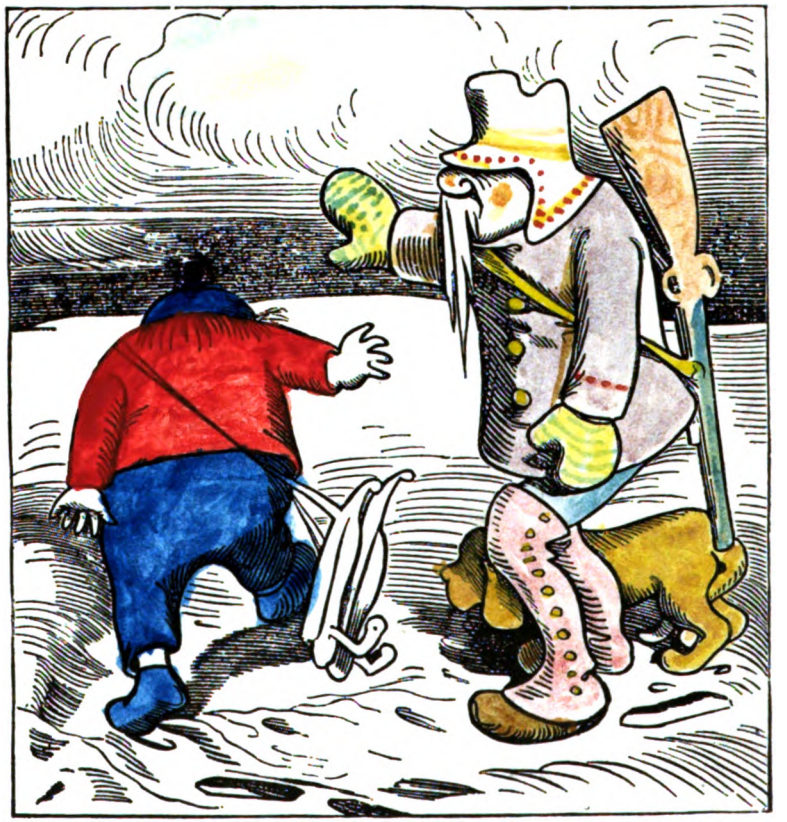
Most stayed at home a-toasting,
But Peter would go skating, coasting.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



It was so cold outside, they said,
That from the branches, birds fell dead.



Old Uncle Forster begged and warned him
To keep in-doors, but Peter scorned him.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



A little rabbit too was found,
Quite stiff, fast frozen to the ground.



Still Peter sings in merry tone
And takes his seat upon a stone.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



When Peter gladly would be going,
His trousers to the stone are growing,



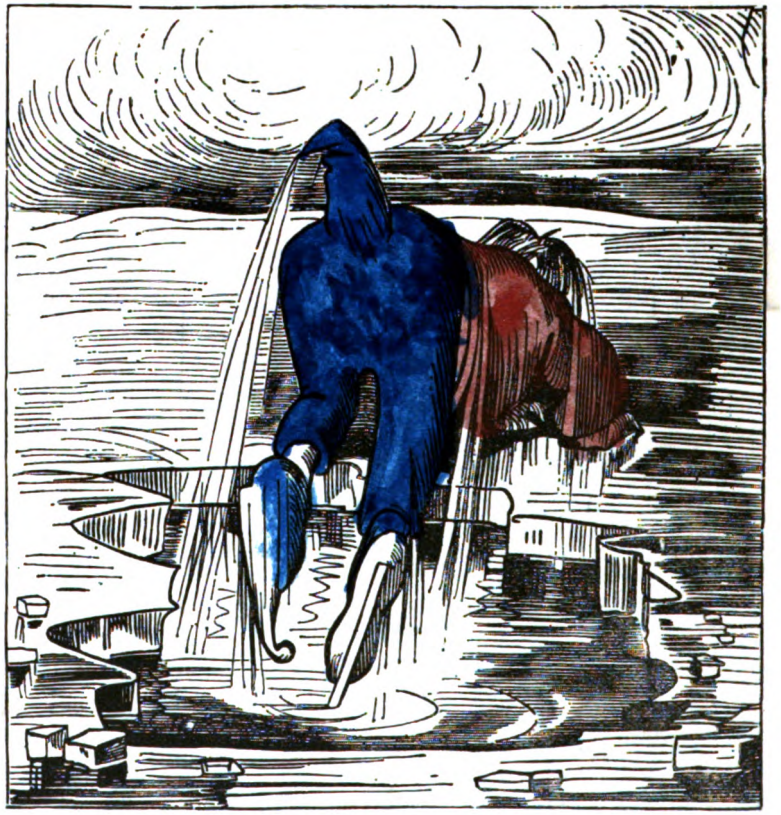
The stuff is old, his heart is gay,
Young Peter tears himself away.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



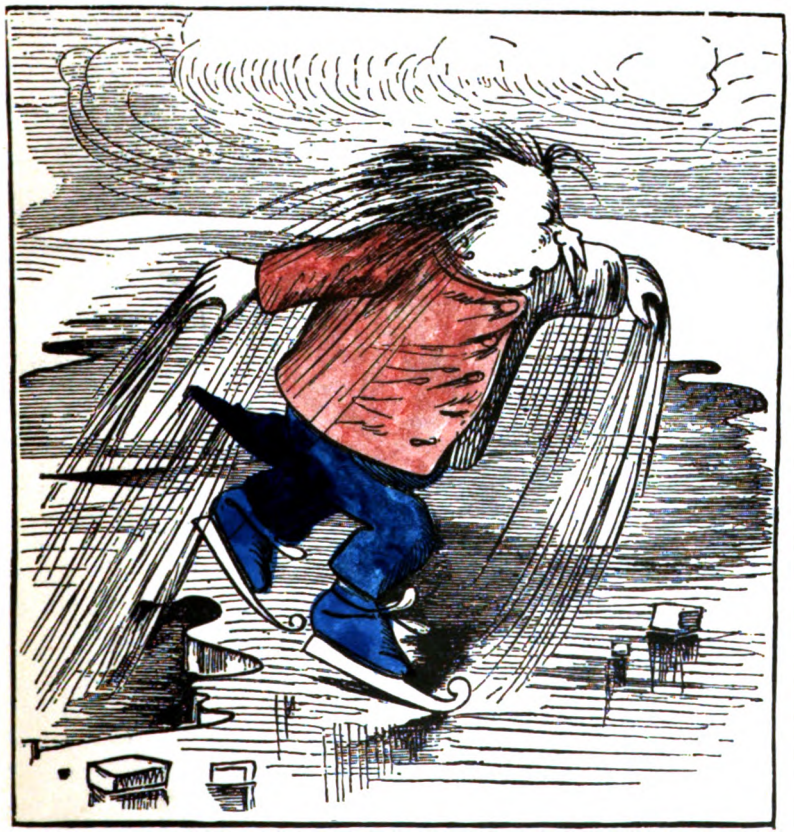
Just as I thought! here in a trice,
Has Peter fallen through the ice.

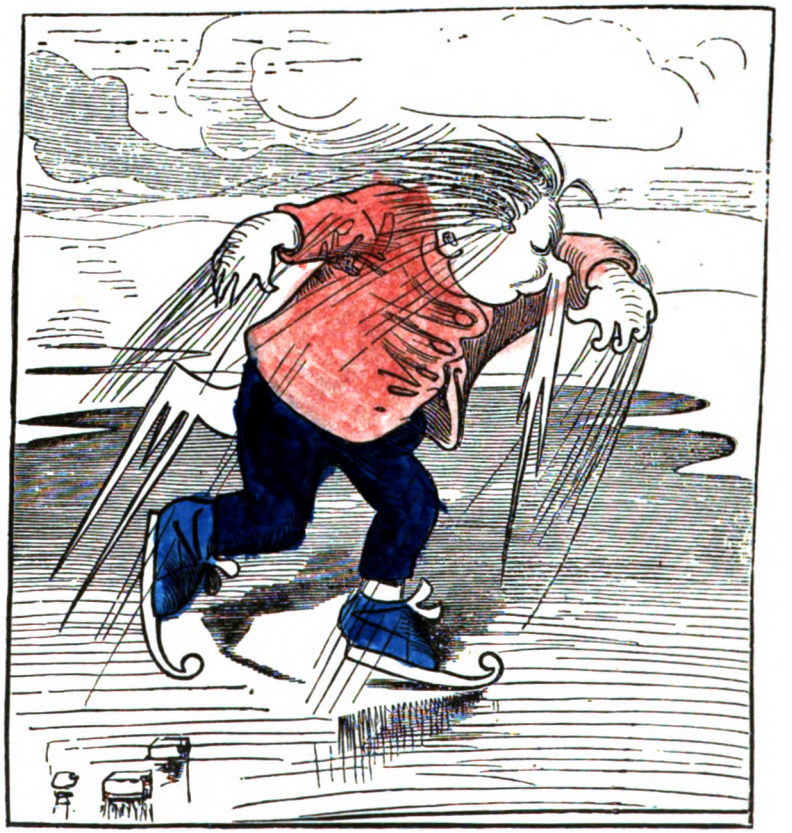


But with the loss of his new cap,
Friend Peter struggles from the trap.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google





Though small at first, there quickly grows,
A long ice-pendant on his nose.

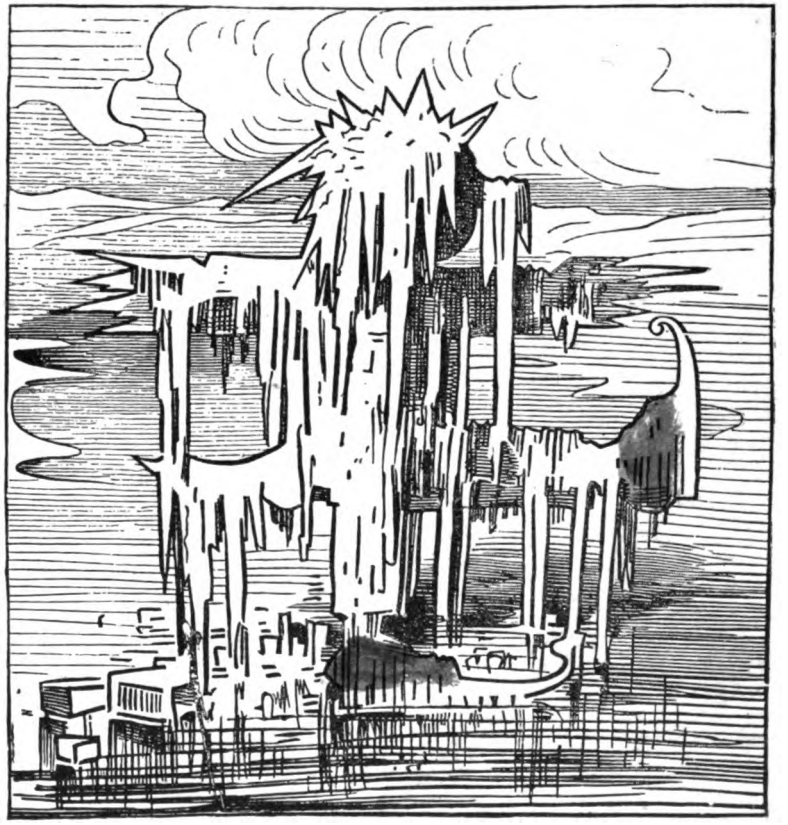
Which lengthens fast, till by my life,
'T is sharp as any butcher's knife!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



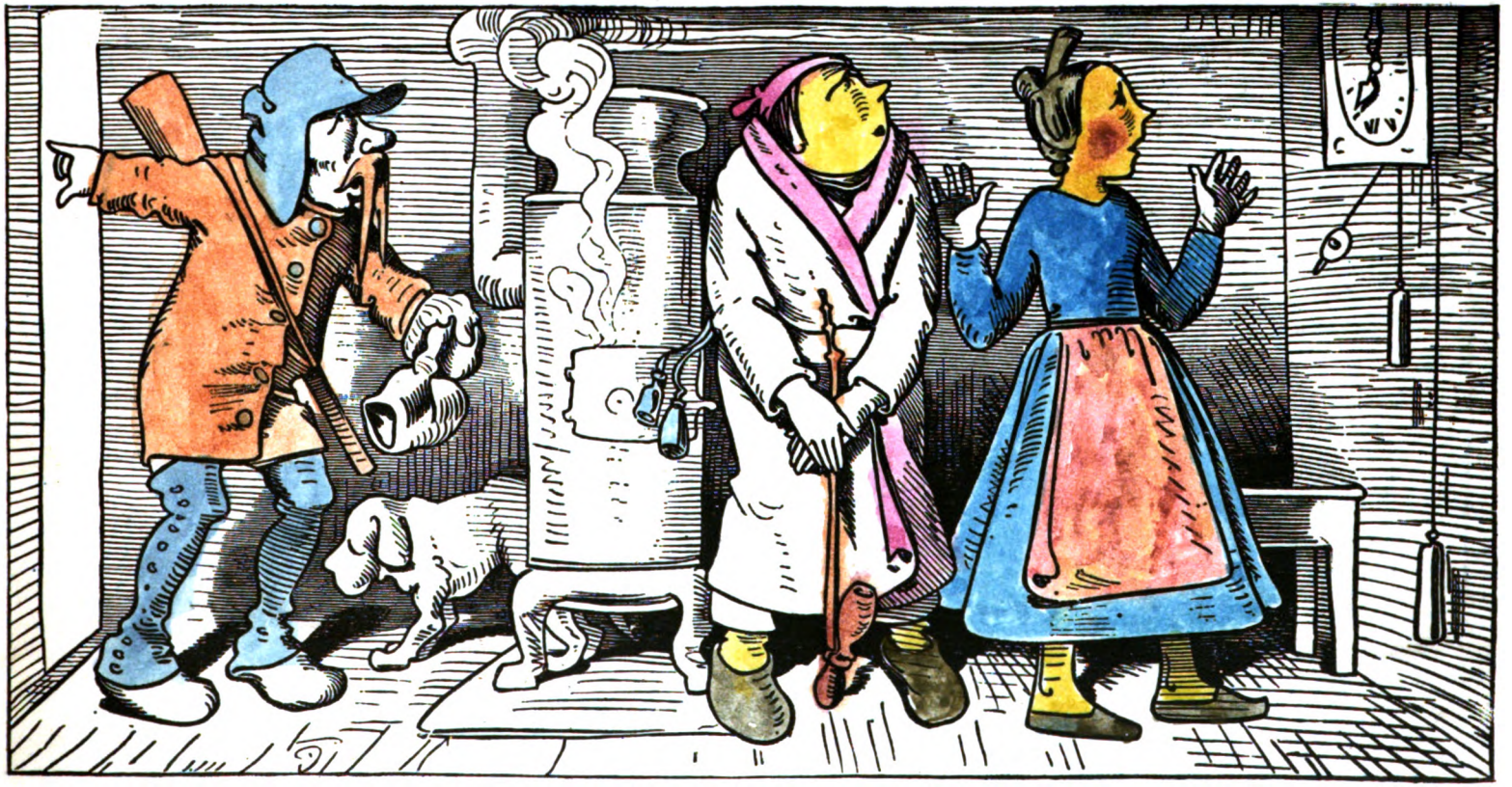
A mass of ice from head to toes,
He freezes faster as he goes.



And each one asks; "Who can this be?
'T is a frozen porcupine I see?"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Oft at the clock his parents gaze,
And wonder where their Peter stays.

Exclaims the Uncle, in a trice,
"I'll bet the rascal's on the ice!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



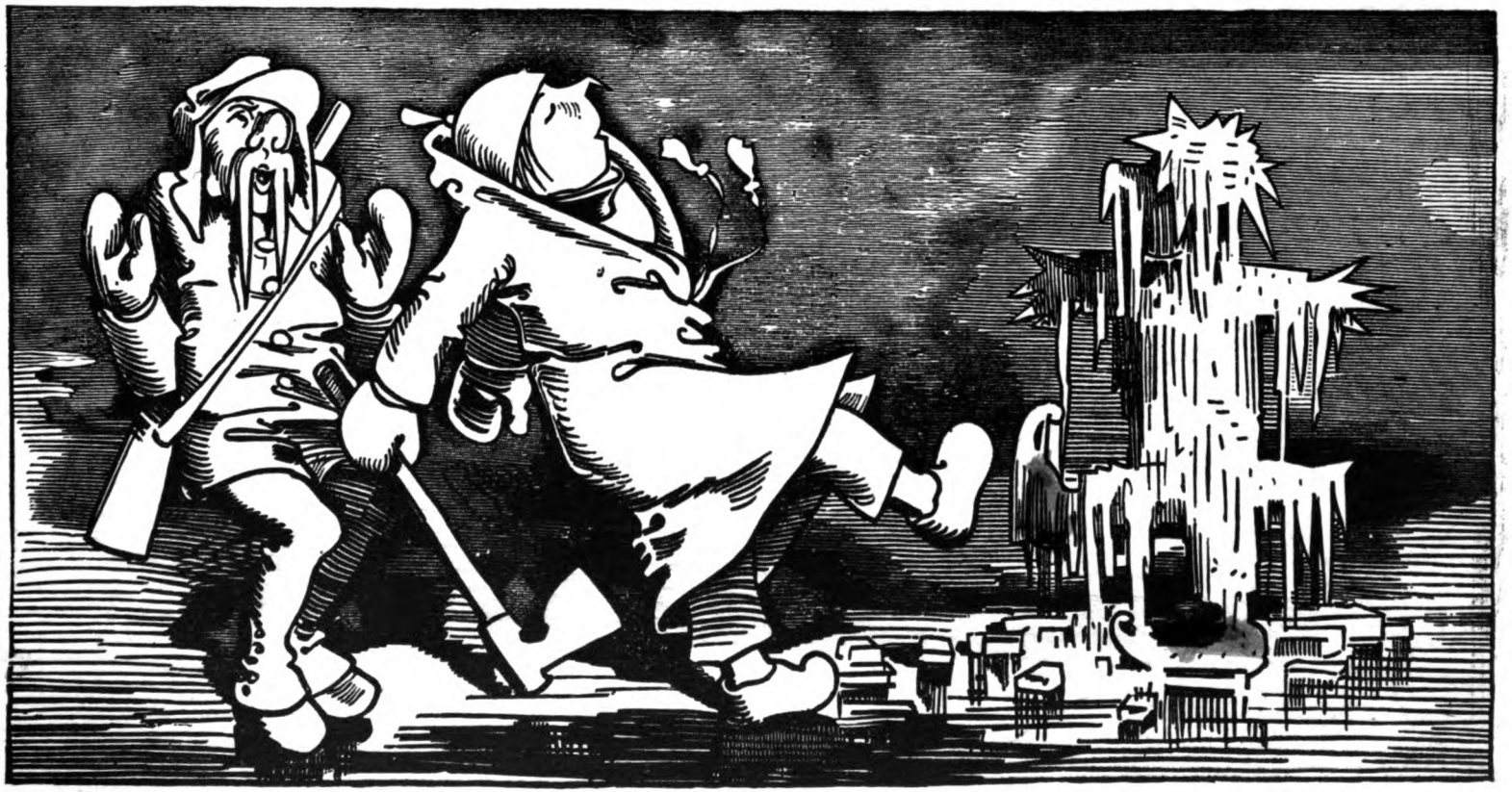
With sharpened axe and silent woe,
They seek for Peter 'mid the snow.



See how their anxious terror grows
To find a piece of Peter's clothes.

Digitized by Google

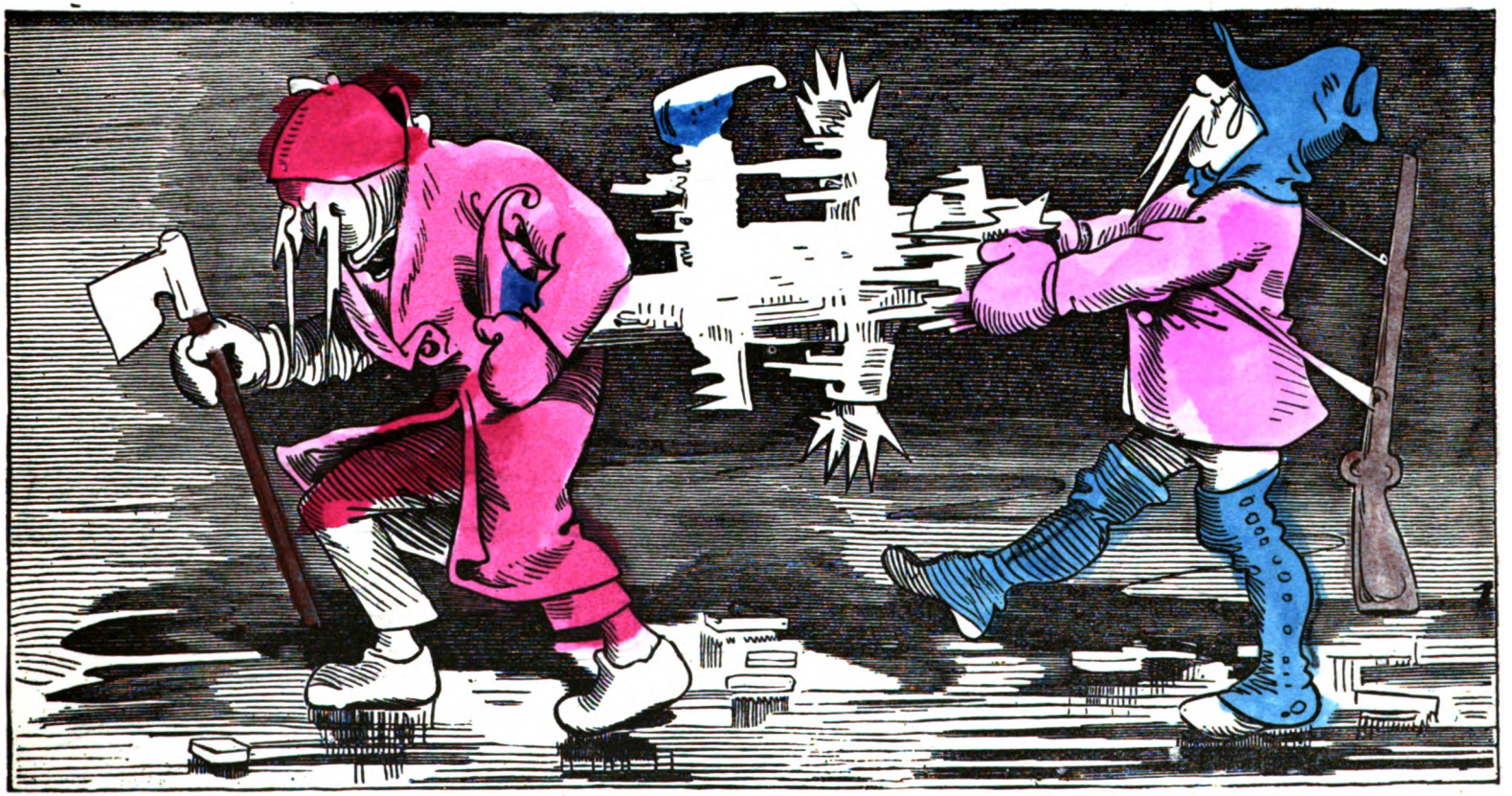
Digitized by Google



Much greater is their grief, I ween,
When Peter's very self is seen.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Here Peter 's carried home at last,

His father weeps, the tears freeze fast.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

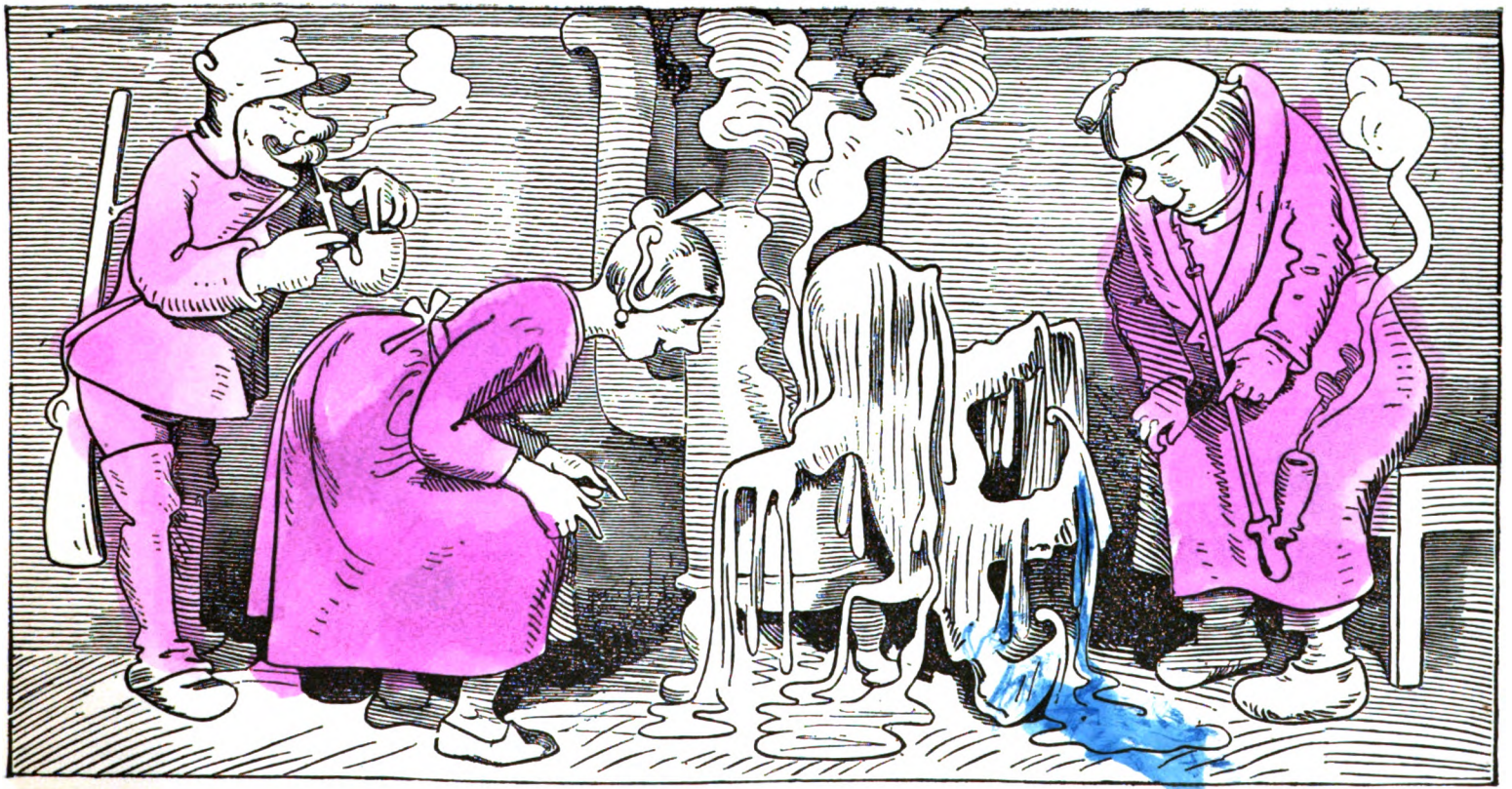


Beside the stove and teapot spout,

They lay the boy to thaw him out.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

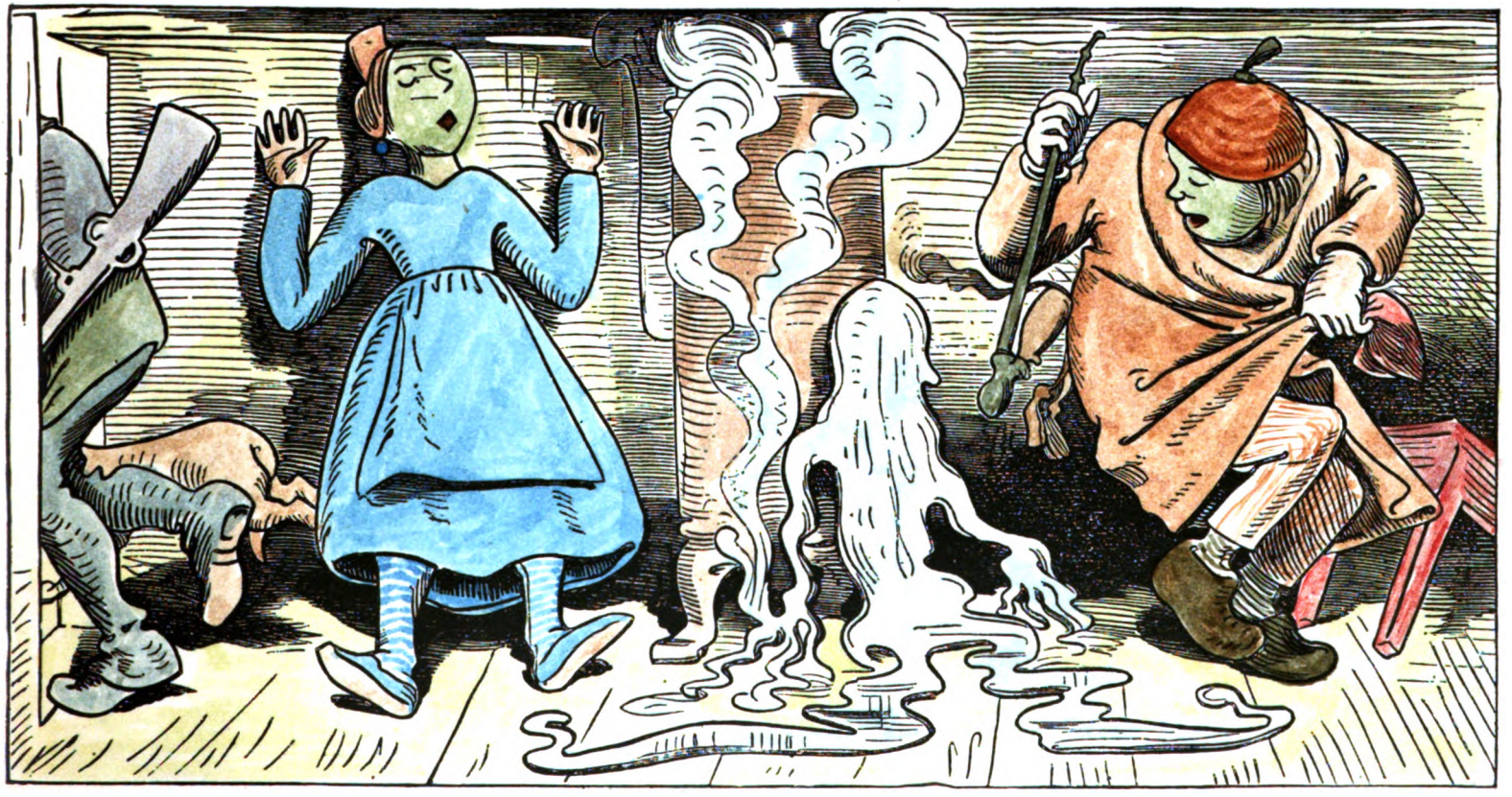


Hurrah! how grateful are their hearts;

The ice gives way, the water starts!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Alas! alas! alack-a-day!

Poor boy, he's melted quite away.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

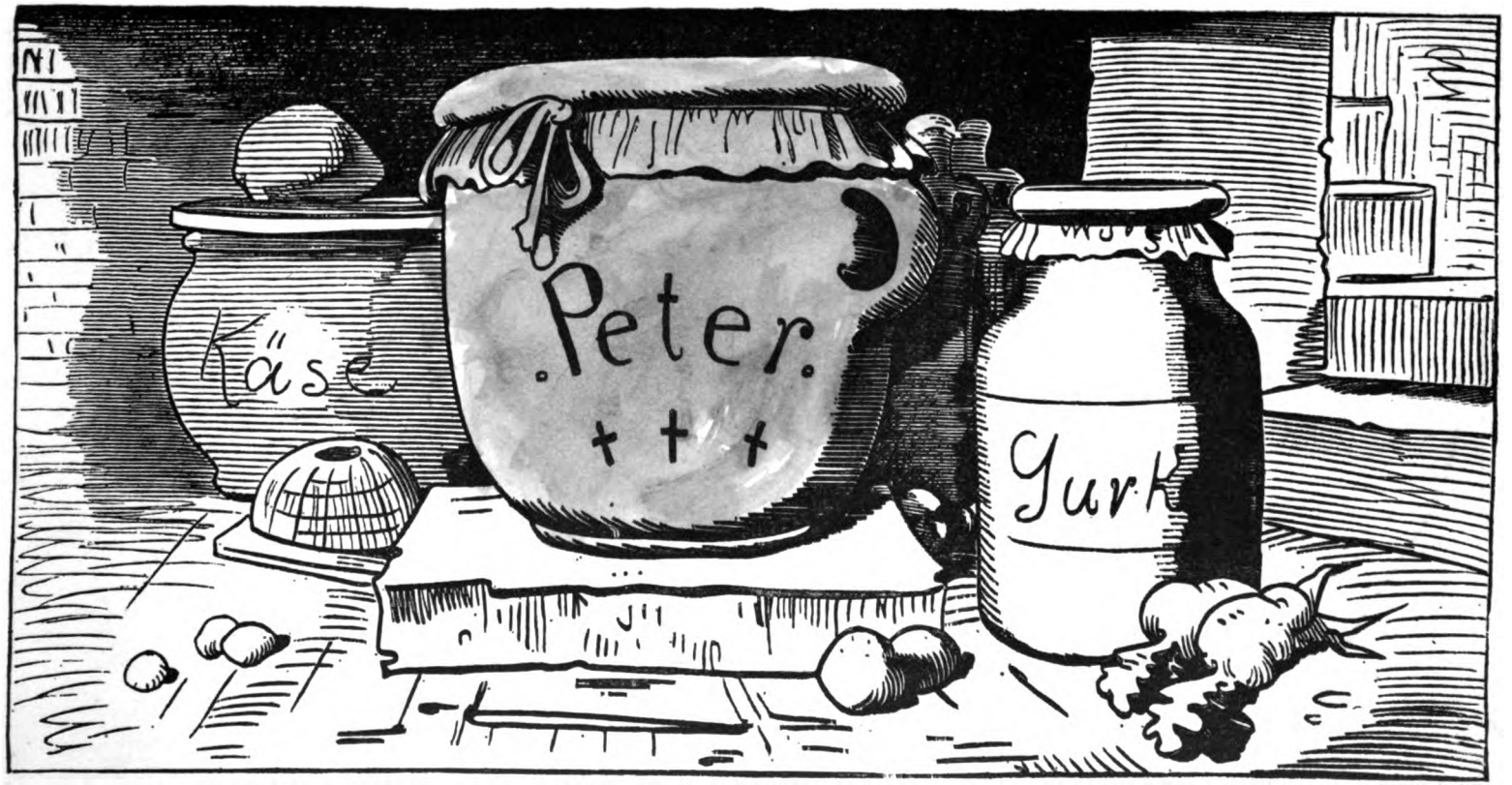


Here in a pickle-jar inter they,

Peter, of better burial worthy.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Yes, yes! within this earthern jar,
Poor Pete's remains preserved are.

The rebel, who at first was hard,
As soft as butter now, is jarred.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CAT AND RAT.

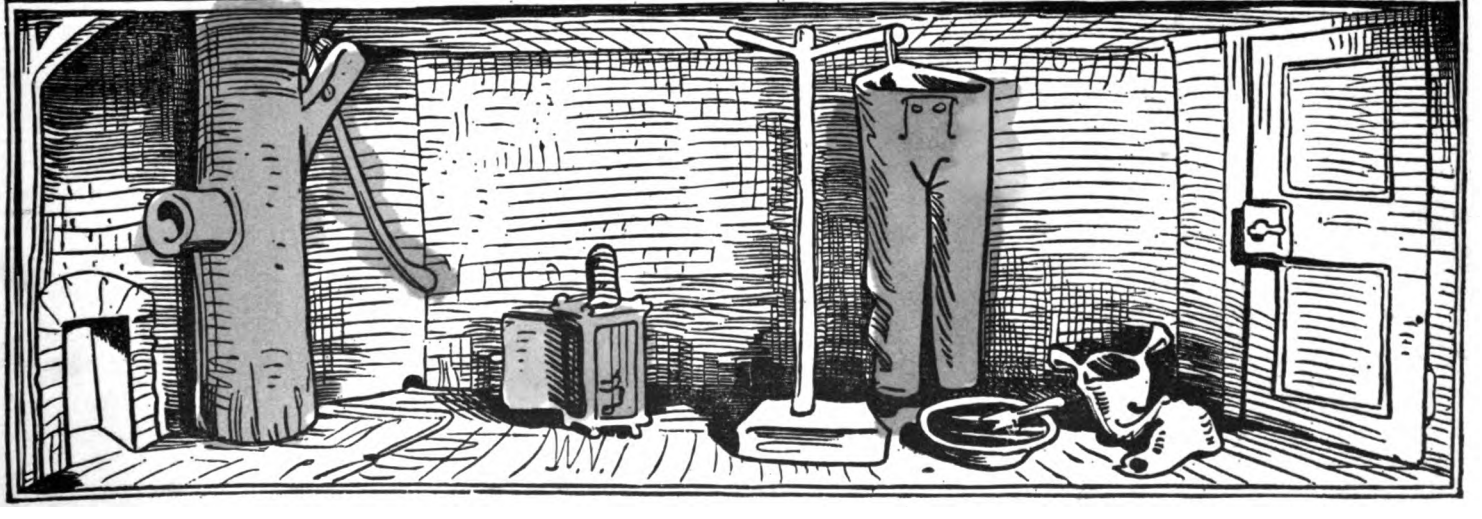
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CAT AND RAT.

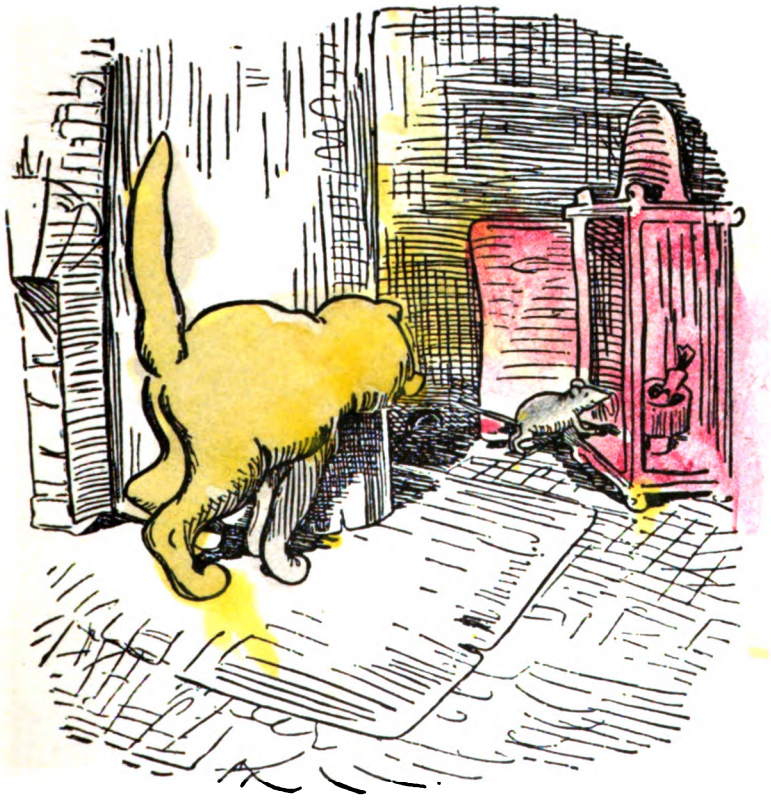
Scene of Action:—THE KITCHEN.

Left.—A Mouse-Hole. *Right.*—A Hole in a Boot; a Pump; a Clothes Horse, on which hang a Pair of Trowsers; a Stable Lantern, and a Box of Blacking.

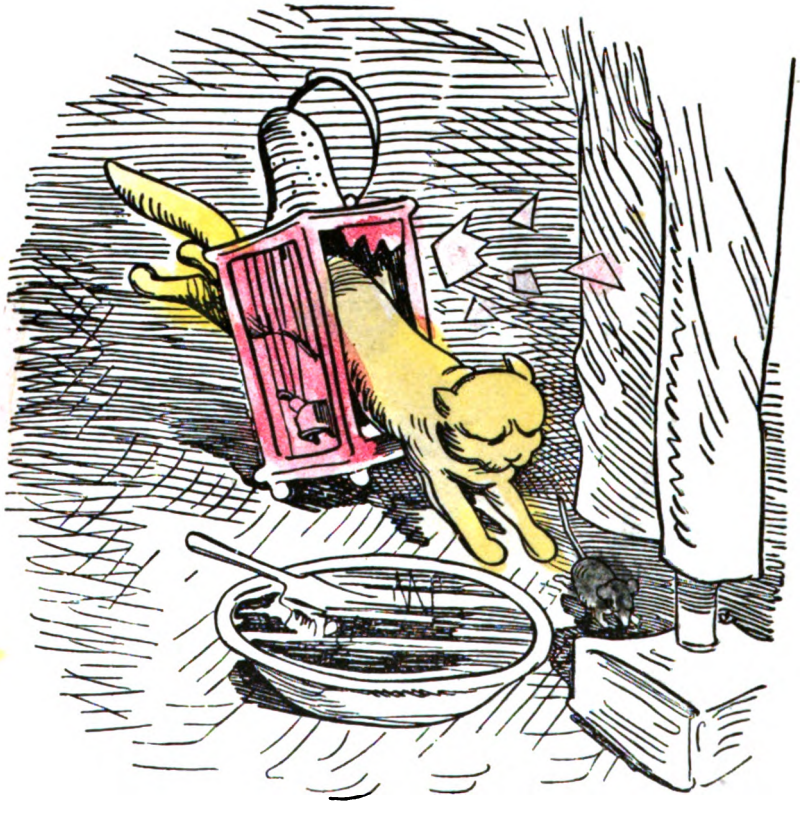


Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Within the lantern roams the rat,
And in the distance prowls the cat.



Who sudden crashes through the panes,
While wily rat a refuge gains.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



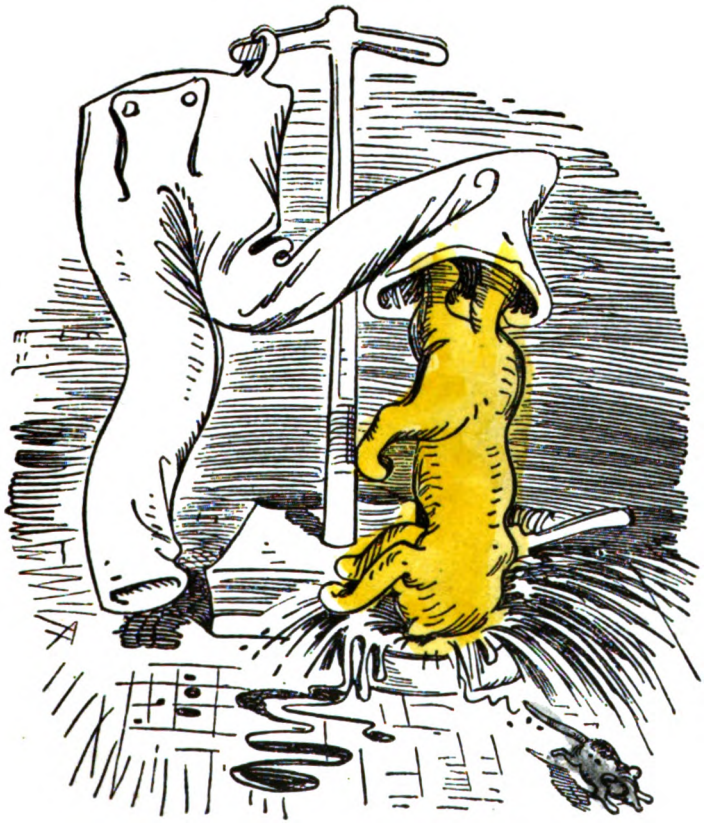
Up the clothes–horse runs the rat,
And pussy after, slam, bang, slat.



Here through the trousers leg they hurry,
Rat outside, inside, puss, they slurry.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

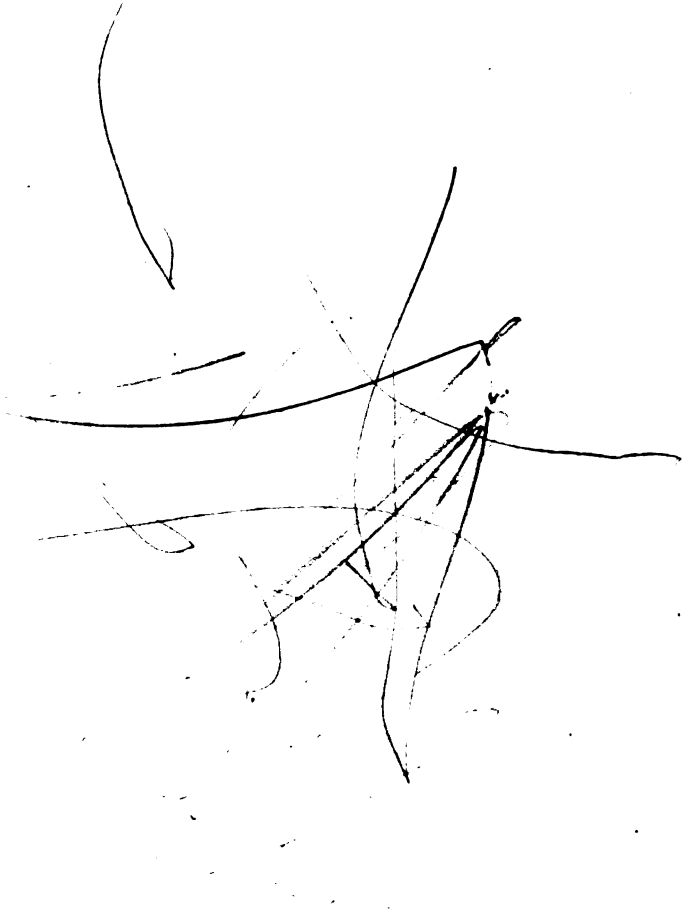


Slapdash goes pussy, whiskers first,
Deep in the blacking–box immersed.



The luckless cat 's as black as soot,
The rat takes refuge in the boot.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



Thinketh the cat: I 've got you now!
But in the boot's a hole, I vow.



The nimble rat the hole espies,
And out thereof he quickly flies.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



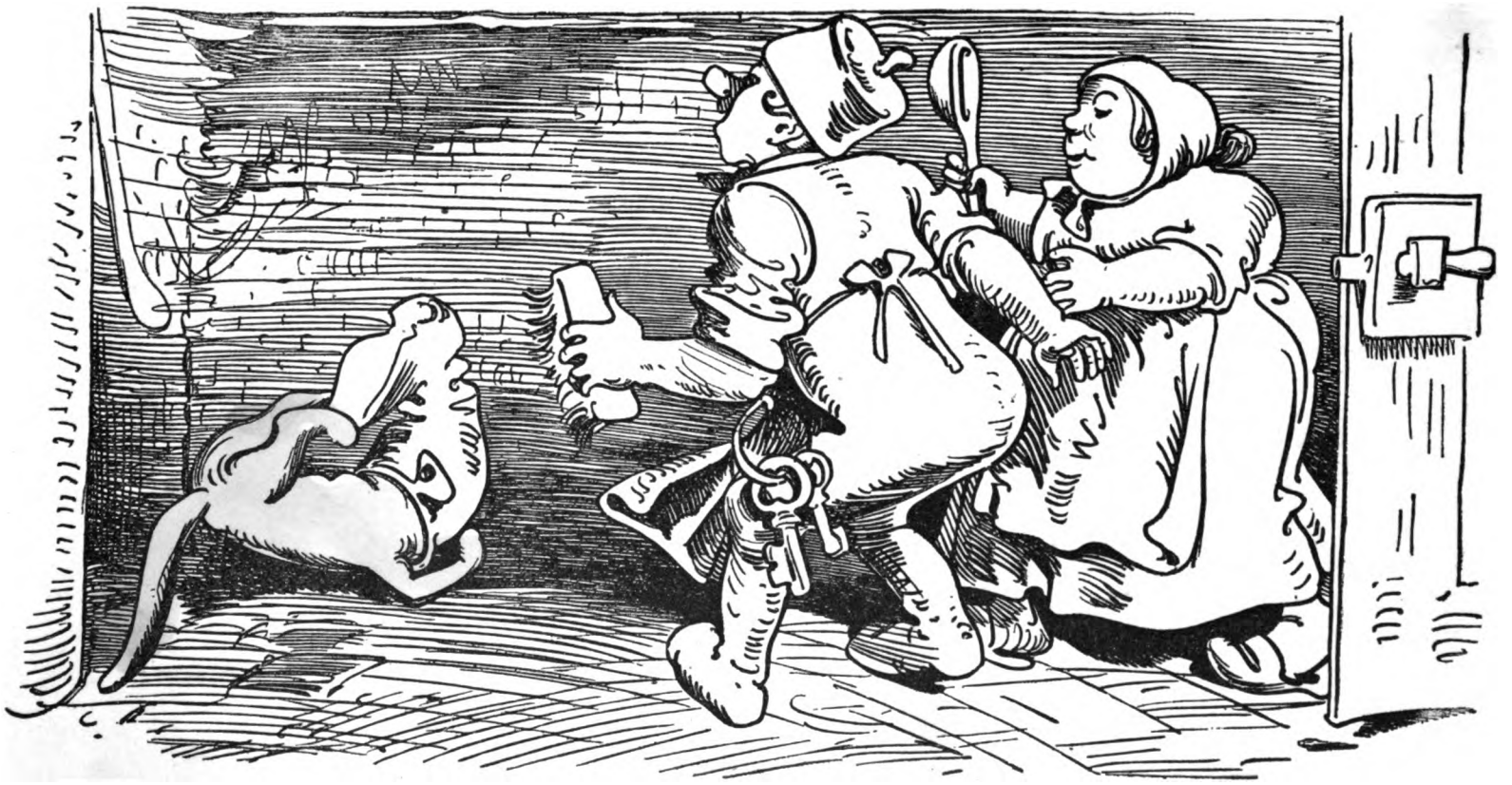
The rat gets safely home at last,
While pussy in the boot sticks fast.



And madder now than any bat,
She loudly mews: "O! chat that rat!"

Digitized by Google

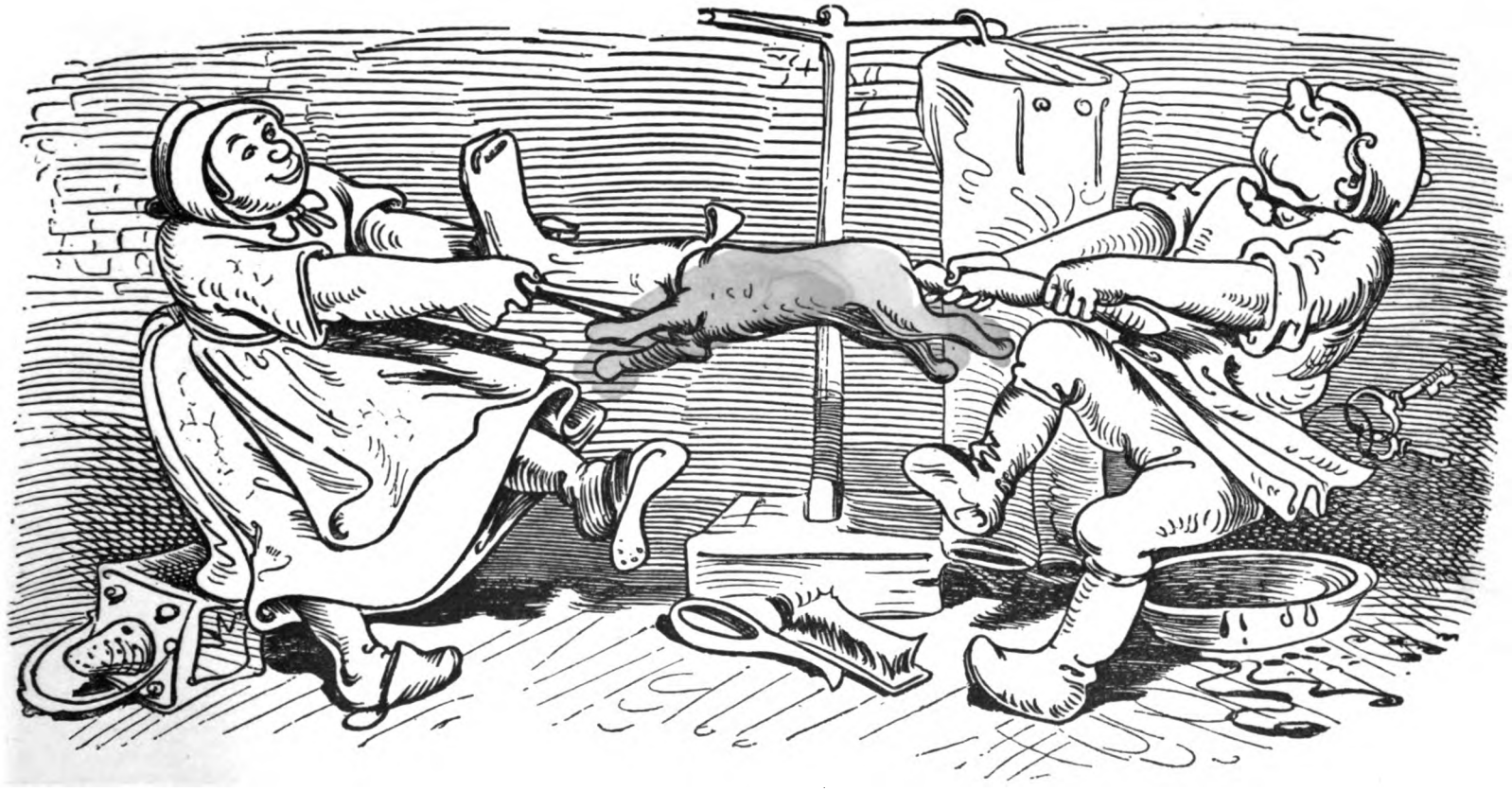
Digitized by Google



The cook and hostler with amaze, Upon the scene of havoc gaze.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Lo here we see them might and main, At pussy's tail and boot–leg strain.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



"Hurra, we 've done it now, confound it!" When suddenly they on the ground sit.

Digitized by Google

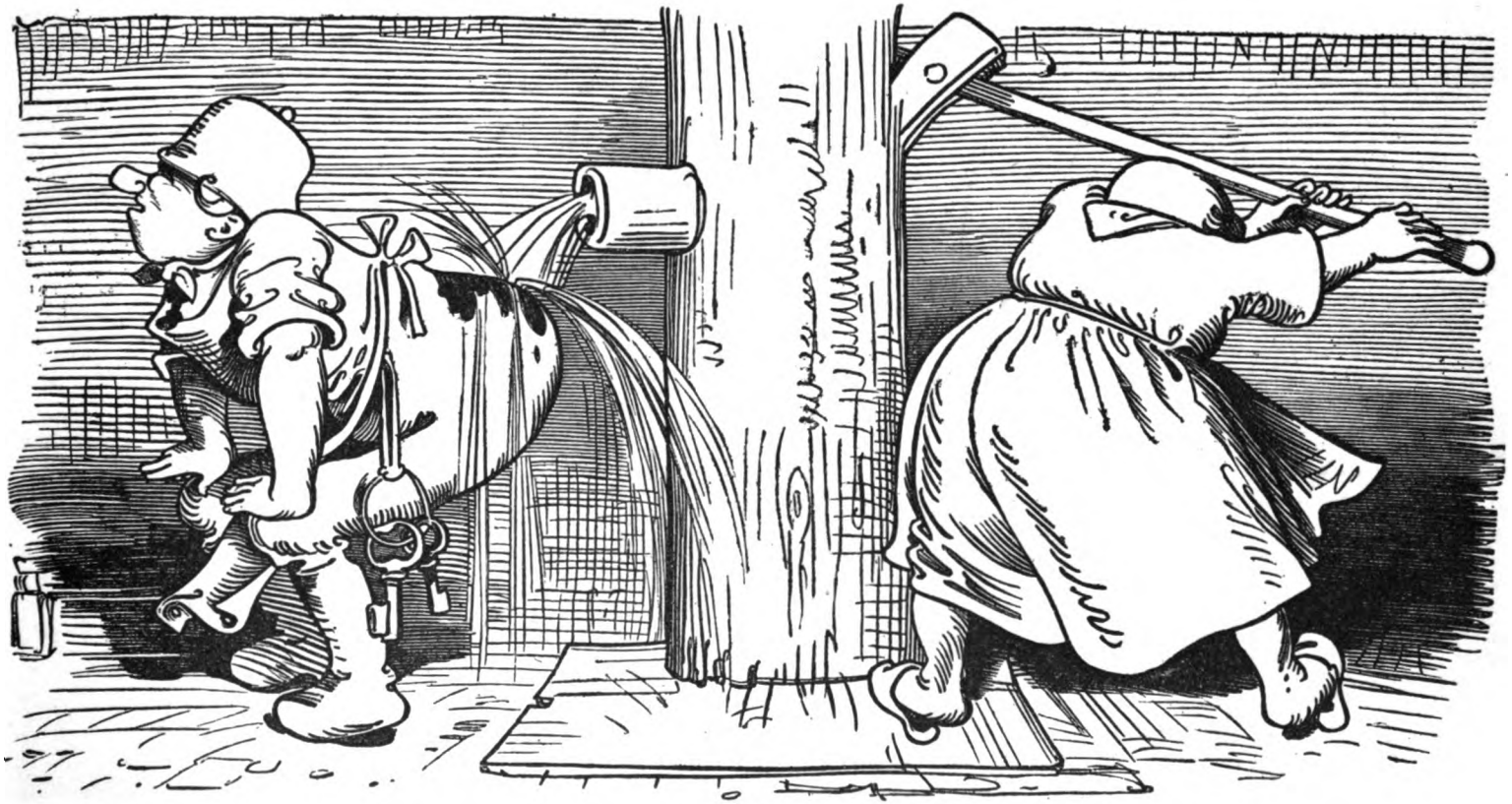
Digitized by Google



The cat, who's richly earned her fate,
Is made a prisoner of state.

Digitized by Google

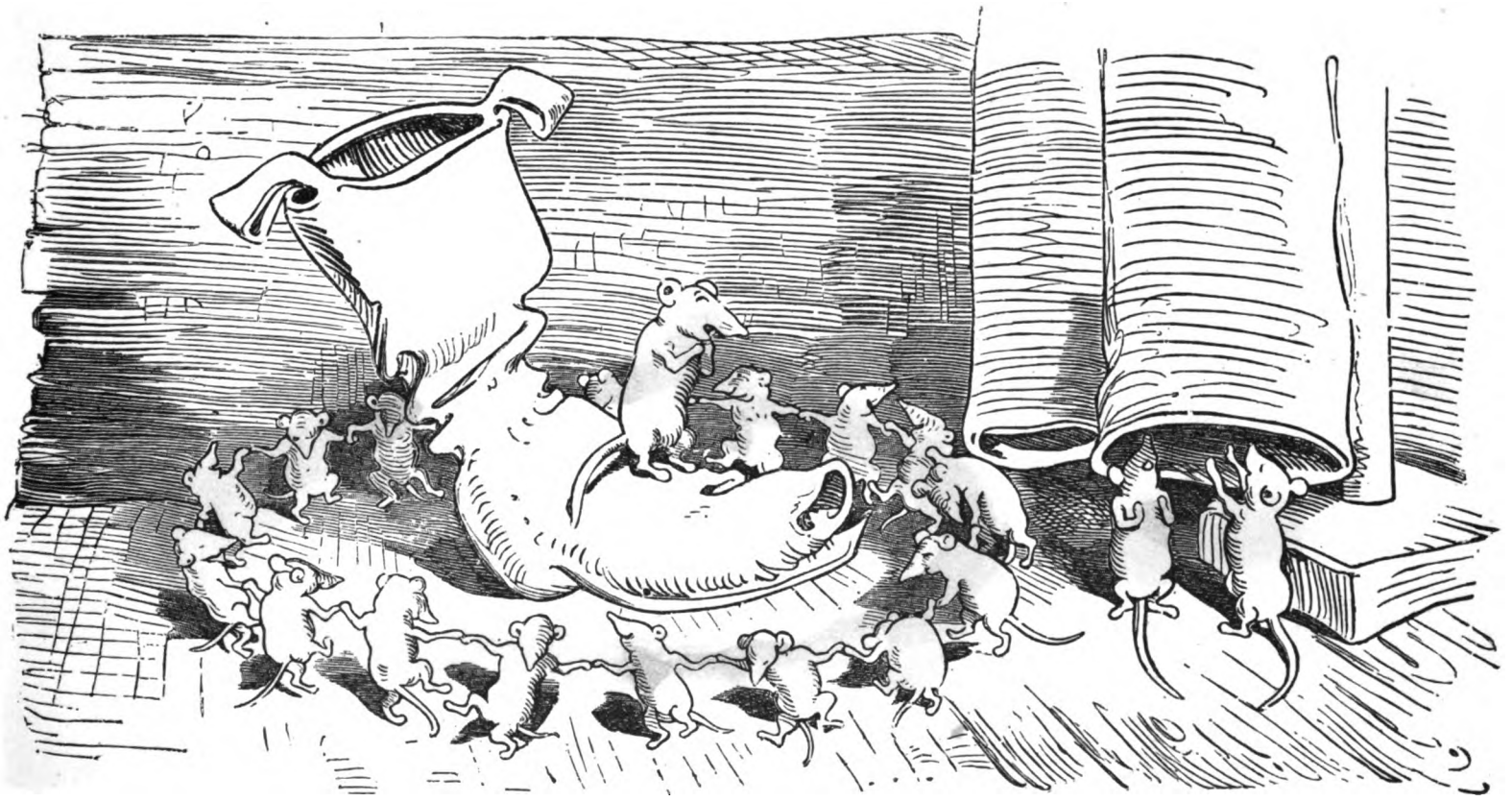
Digitized by Google



And though the hostler's spotted been,
The pump is near to wash him clean.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Now gaily dance the rats about,
And loudly in their triumph shout:
"The noble boot it has a hole!
Long live the boot from top to sole!"

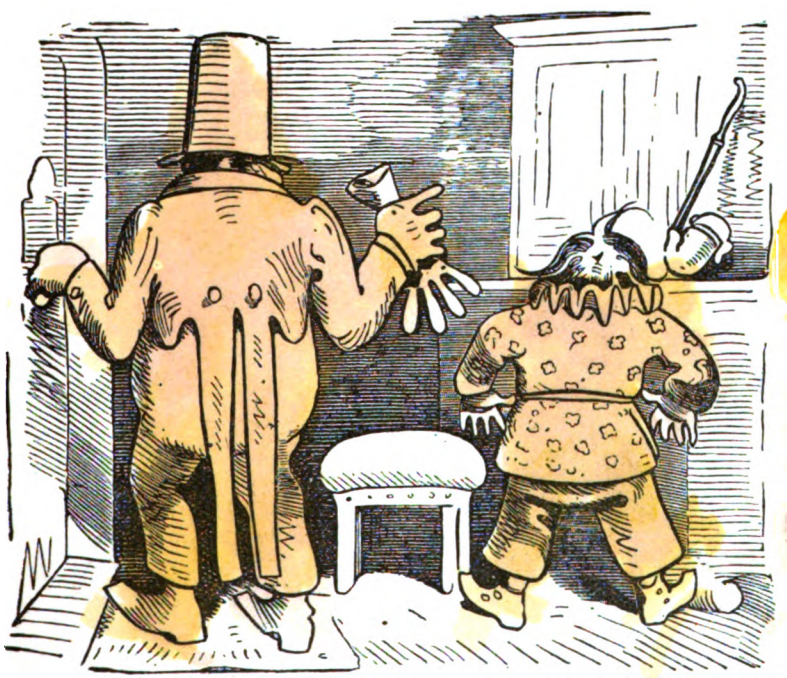
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

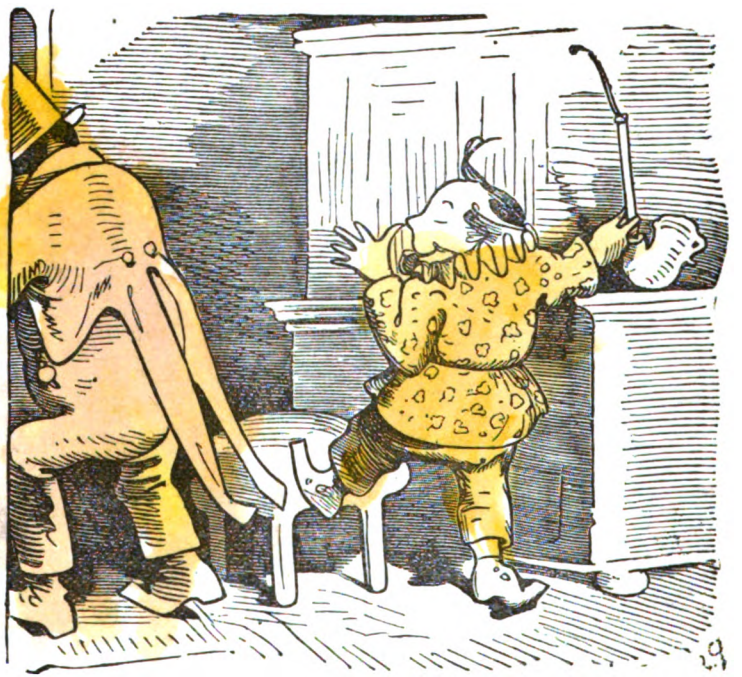
THE BOY AND THE PIPE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



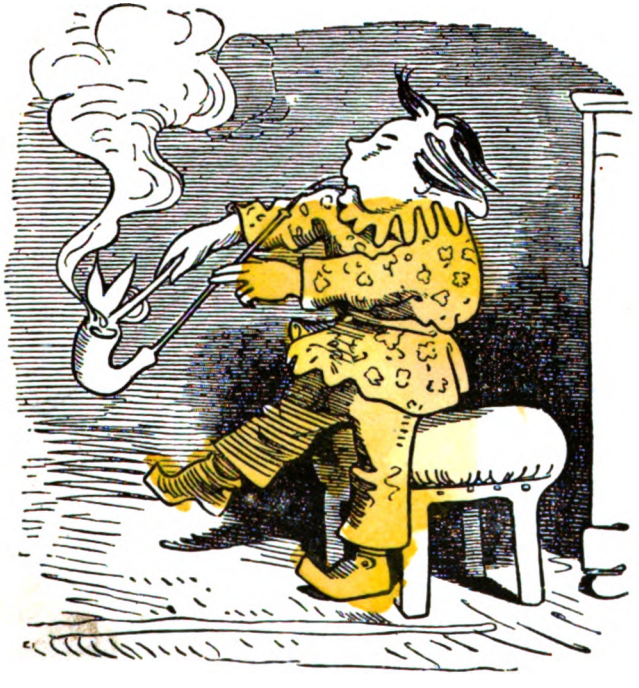
The father says: I 'm going out!
Christian! don't pull my pipe about!



No sooner has he closed the door,
Than on the pipe is Christian's paw.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



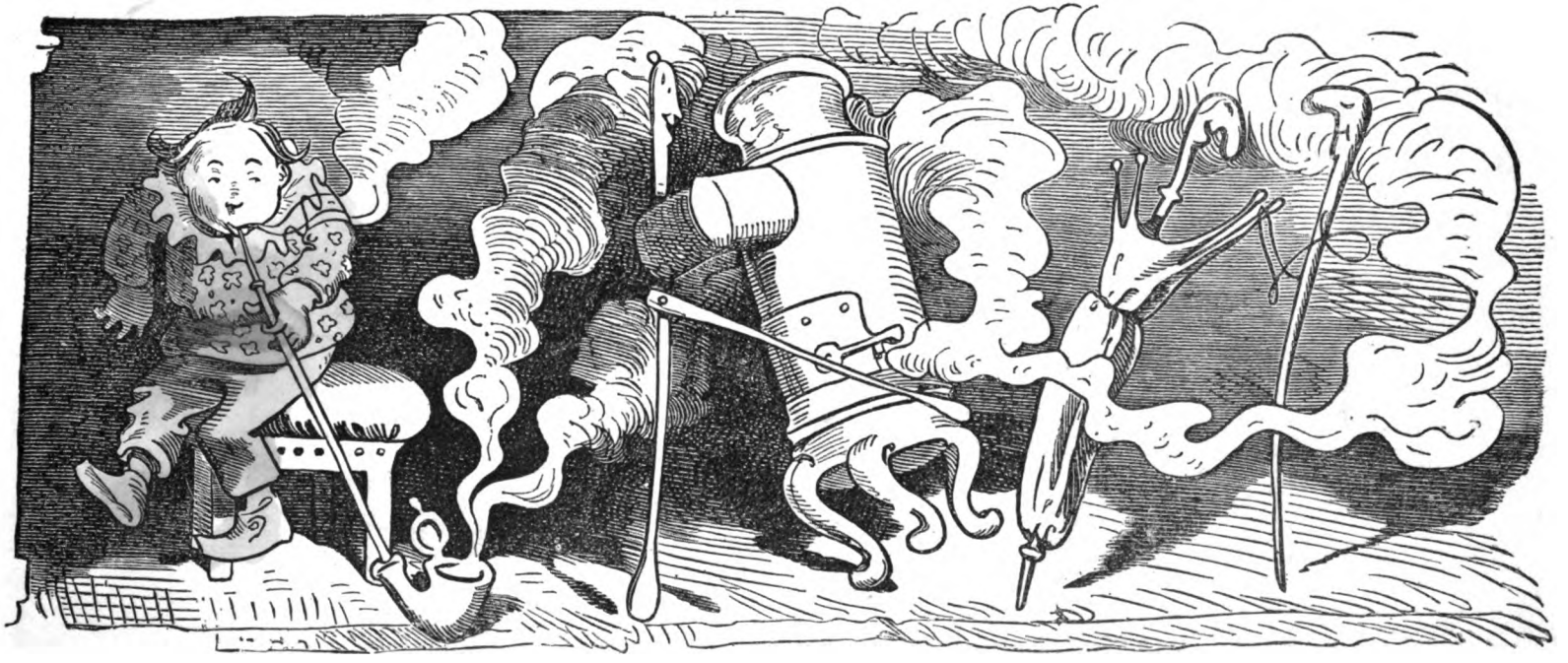
Fie, Christian! what a dirty trick
Tobacco in your mouth to stick.



Why, zounds! — He's smoking, I declare;
And what stirs in the corner there.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Th' umbrella dances with the sticks, And with the tongs, the stove plays tricks.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

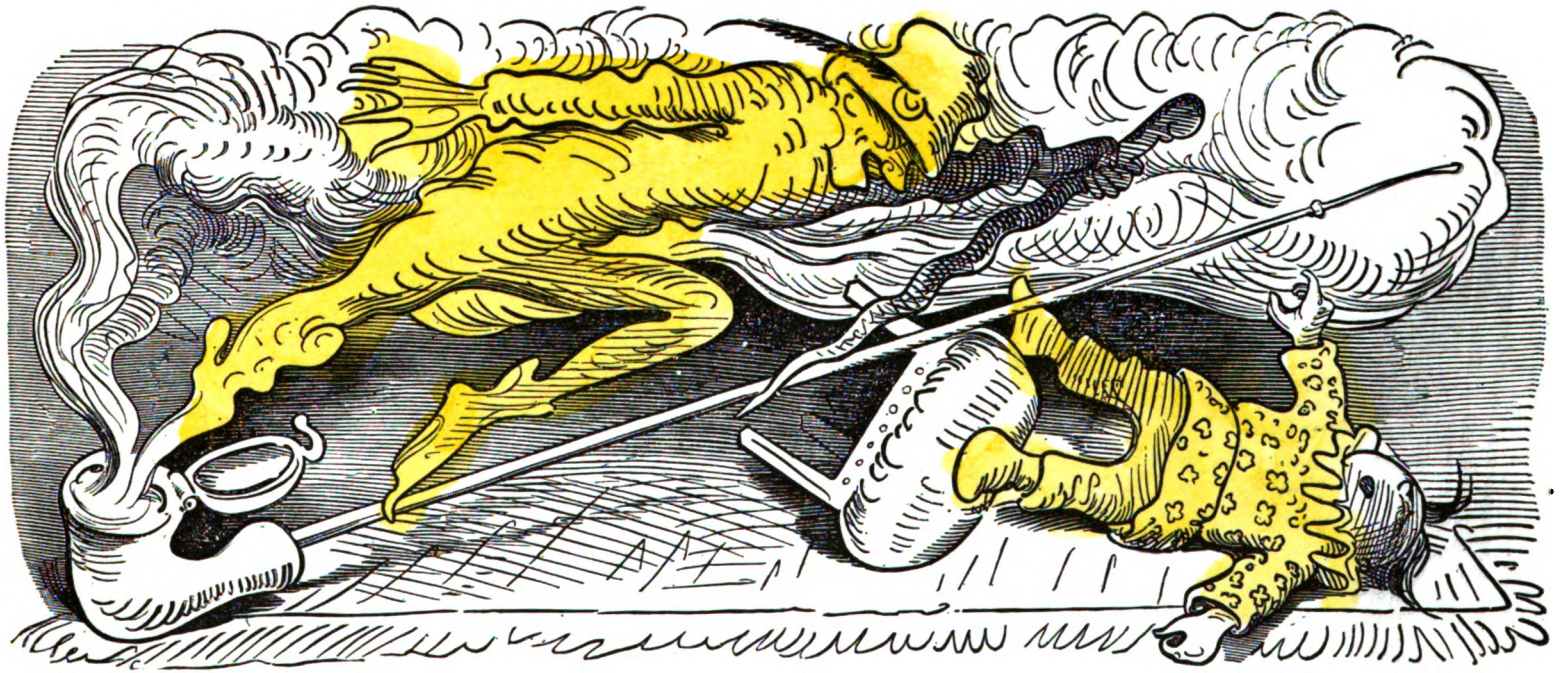


The coat is waltzing with the chair,

The table with the sofa there.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



All of a sudden — puff — it's dark:

Some demon sure is on a lark.

Digitized by Google

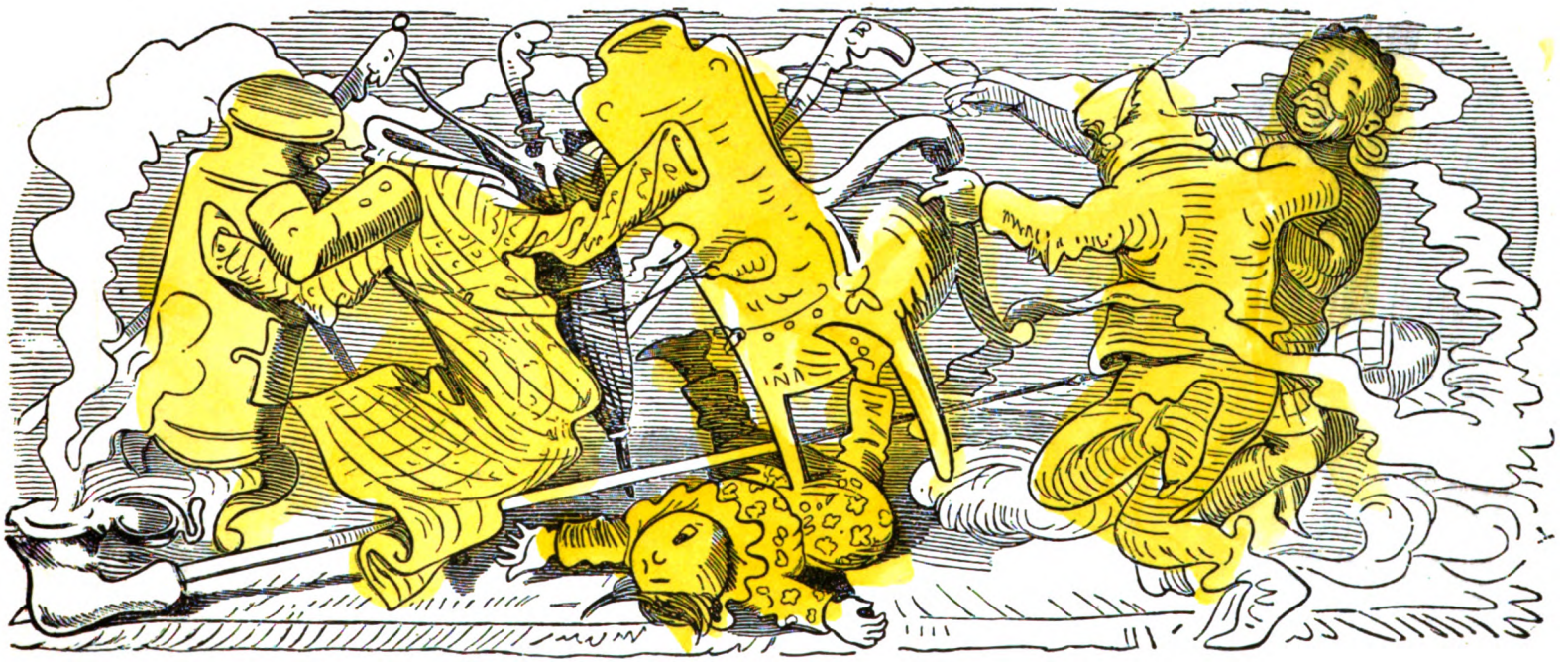
Digitized by Google



And puff — in floats as large as life, — A second imp, the former's wife.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

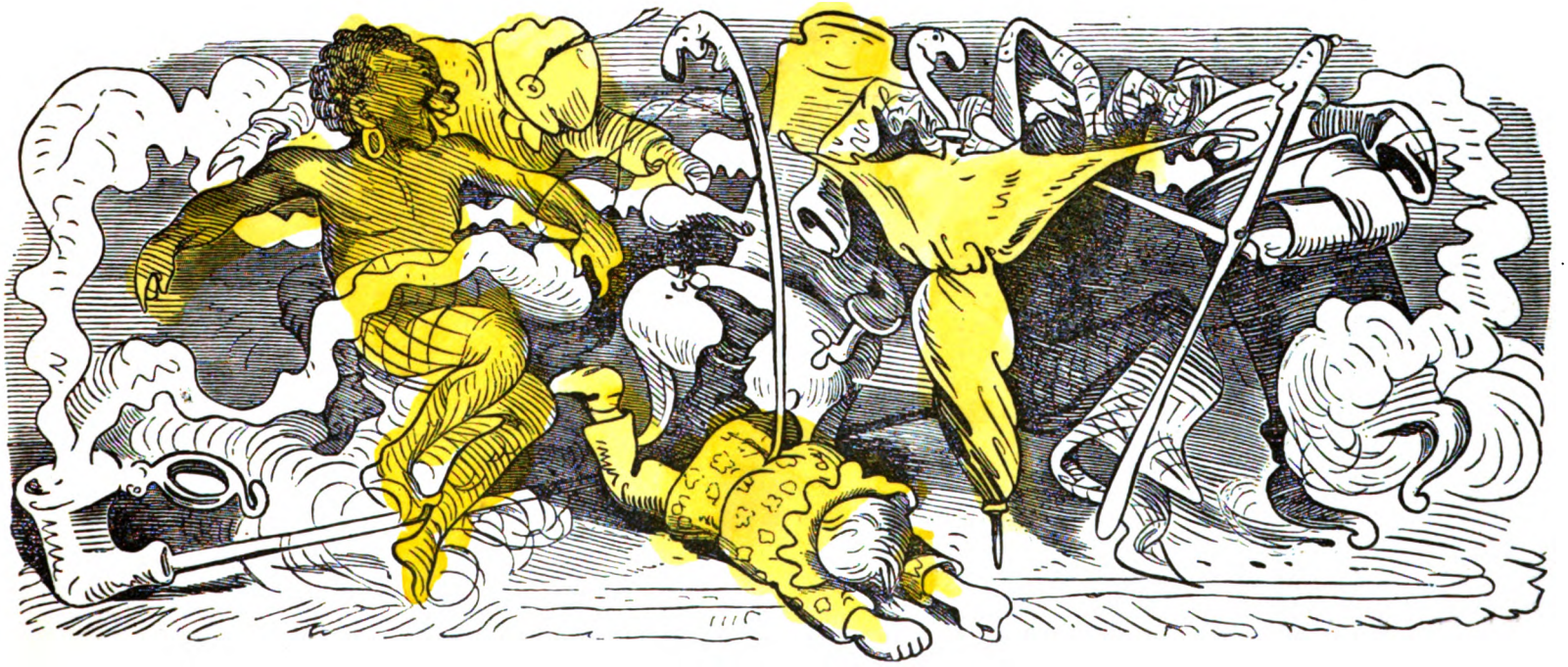


Madly dance the pair and frolic,

Christian feels most melancholic.

Digitized by Google

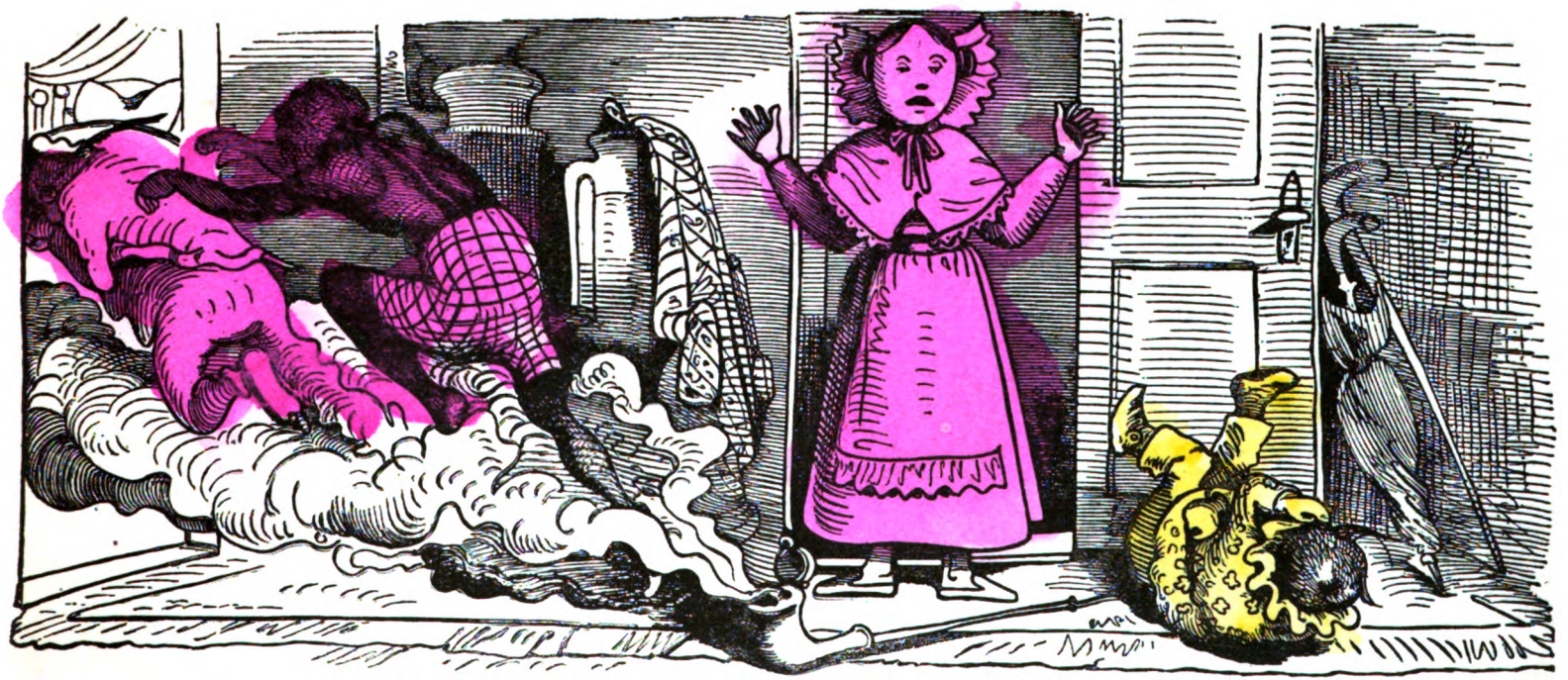
Digitized by Google



They whirl and shout with frantic glee; The room and Christian are at sea.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

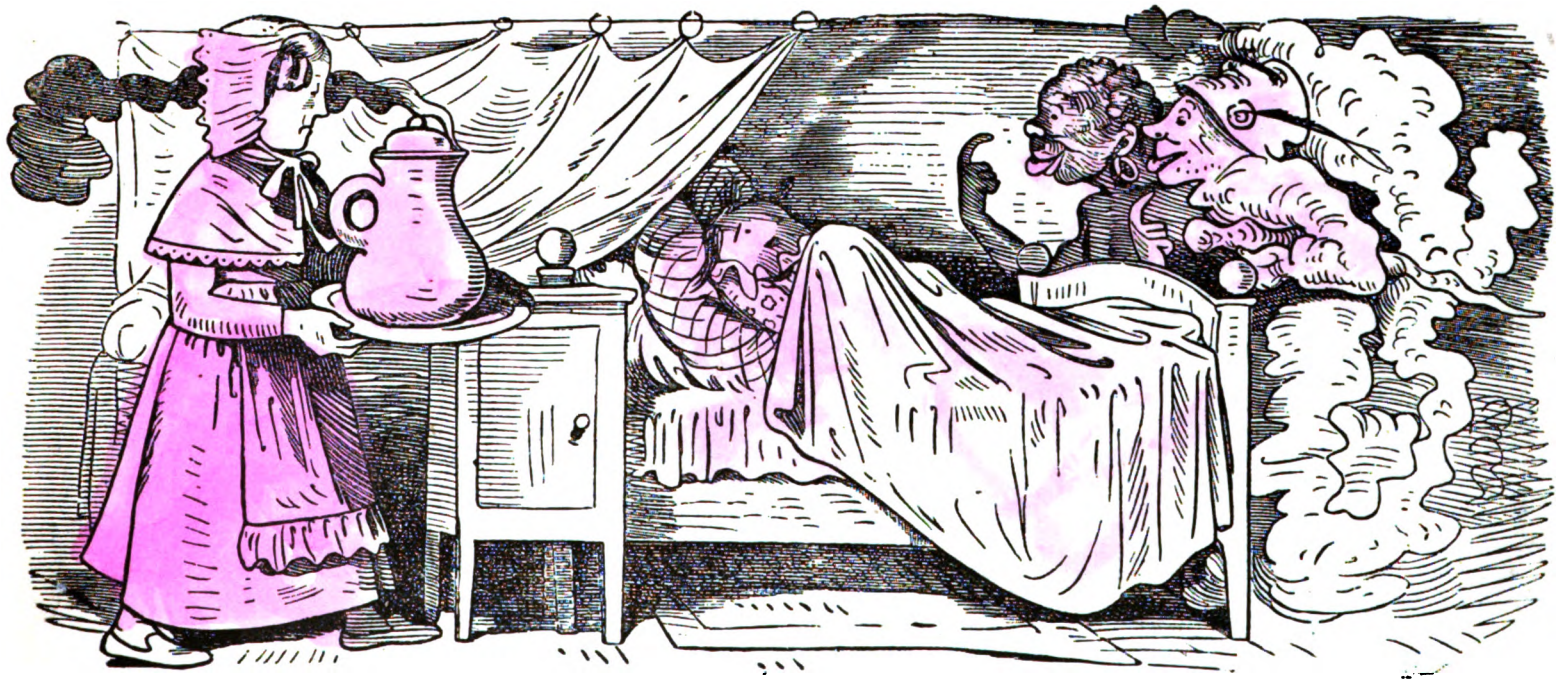


His mother opens wide the door,

And finds her Christian on the floor.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



In bed he lies; the demons leer, While mother stands with coffee near.

Digitized by Google

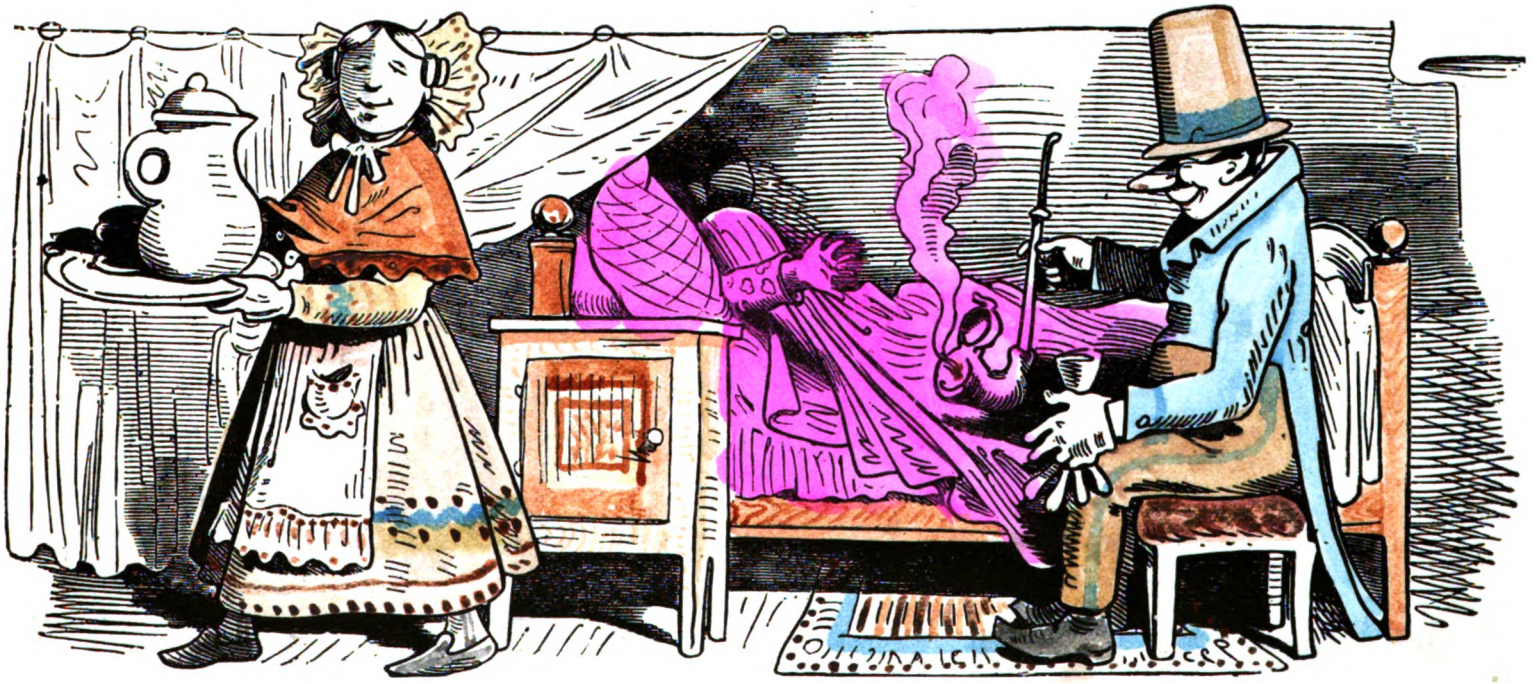
Digitized by Google



The strong black coffee down he drinks, 'T will do poor Christian good, methinks.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



His father sits and smiles, and says:
"A warning this from evil ways!

"Ay, ay, my boy! in future, you
Will do as you are bid to do!!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

HANS HUCKEBEIN;

THE MISCHIEVOUS RAVEN.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Here see we Fritz, for mischief mellow,
And Huckebein, a jolly fellow.



And Master Fritz, like every lad,
To have a raven would be glad.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Upon the branch he now advances,
The raven gives mistrustful glances.



Then Master Fritzy throws his cap,
To make a cunning raven-trap.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



He almost has him, when alack!
The branch gives way with awful crack.



Amid the blackberries Fritz is sitting,
The raven finds the cap close fitting.

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



Young Master Fritz with black is spotted;
The raven greatly fears he's potted.



The coal black bird is caught at last,
For in the lining, sticks he fast.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



"Ha! ha! Hans Huckebein I've got 'ee!
Oh! what a pleasure for Aunt Lotty!"



Aunt Lotty beams in every feature;
"Dear, dear!" she says, "a pretty creature!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



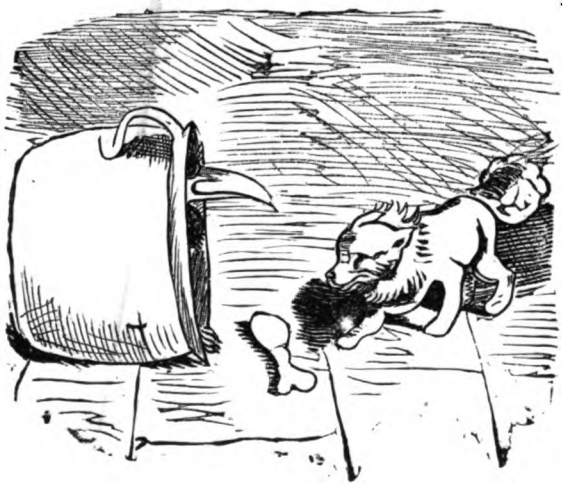
The words have hardly left her lips,
When vicious Hans her finger nips.



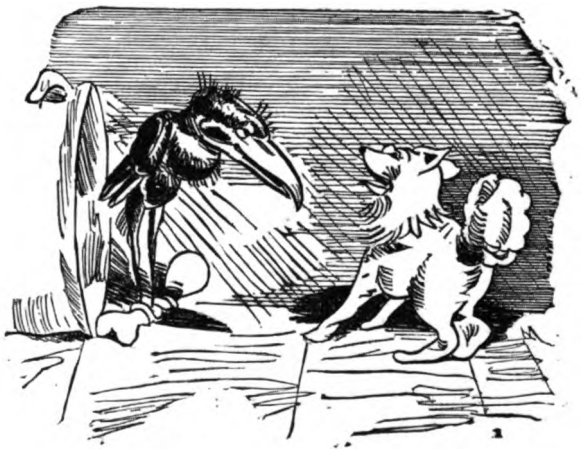
"You wretch," she cries, "you'll have no feeding
From me. See how my finger's bleeding!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



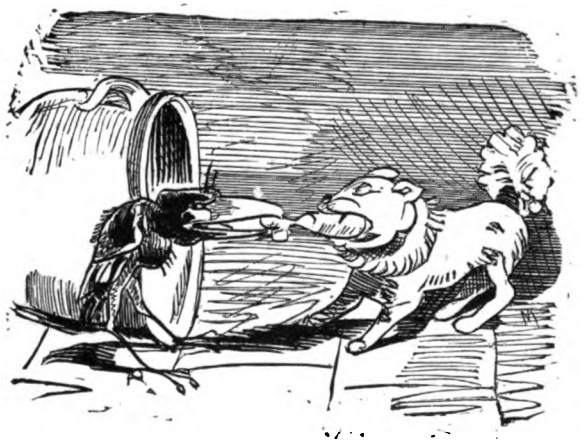
Here cowers in the sauce-pan's hole,
Hans Huckebein, the guilty soul.



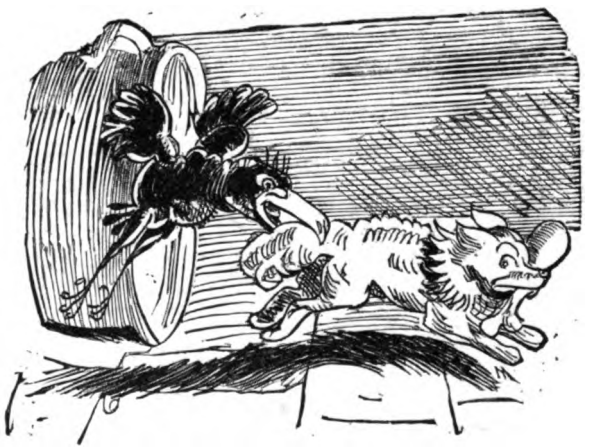
The bone which he from Spitz has ta'en,
Poor Spitz would like to get again.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



With growling, spitting and great pother,
Spitz pulleth one way, Hans the other.



The dog begins to think he's master,
When (from the rear) the blows come faster.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



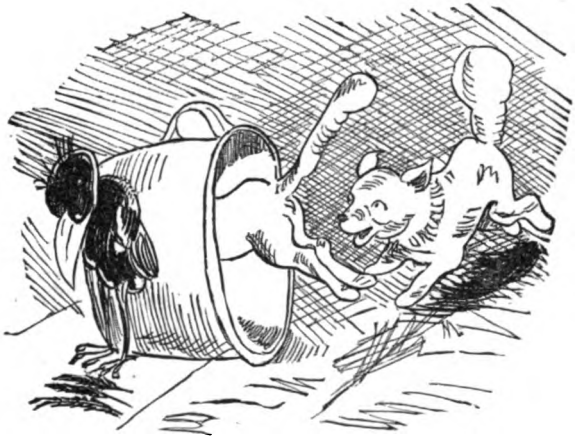
And by this triumph growing bolder,
Makes Hans a dash at Spitzy's shoulder.



But Spitz, with anger boiling o'er,
Now snaps at Hans so much the more.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



The saucepan in, then springs the cat,
And with her drags the ham-bone fat.



To trust the cat, they neither dare,—
So there they sit and glare and glare.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



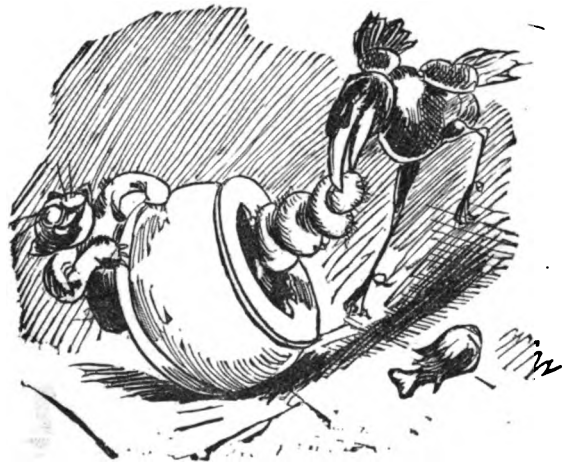
The cat, she pulls the dog, who screams,
The raven then with pleasure beams.



But lo, the sauce-pan has a leak,
Through which the raven sticks his beak.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Gives pussy's tail so fierce a bite,
That from sheer anguish, curls it tight.

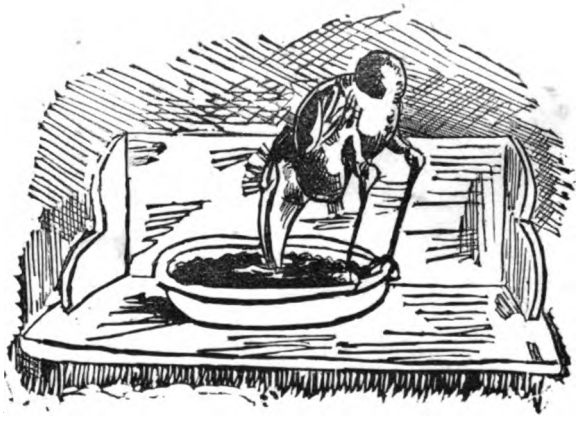


While Spitz and pussy quickly flee,
The greatest scamp comes off scot free!!—

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



It was Aunt Lotty's greatest pleasure,
To eat plum jam in ample measure.

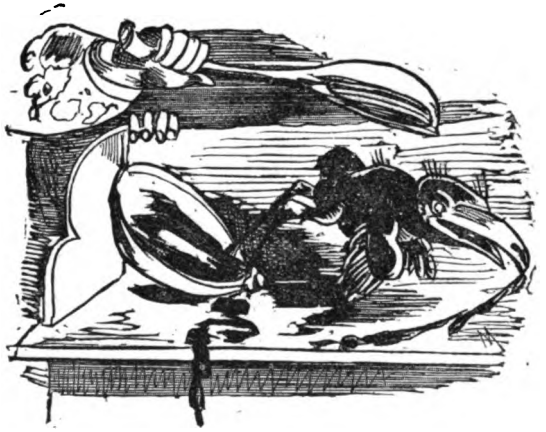


But Huckebein by far prefers,
To waste the goods kind fate confers.

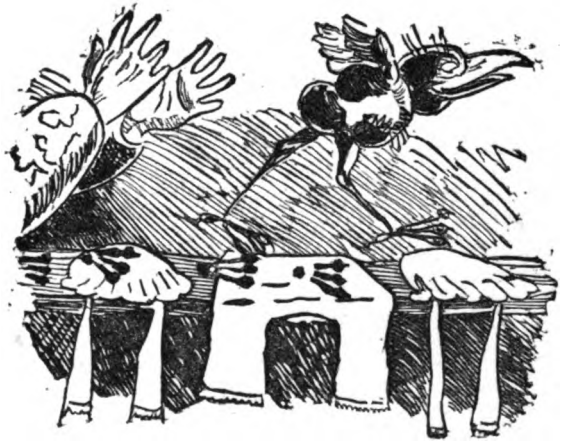
Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN DEARBORN

Digitized by Google



As Aunt draws near with rage and fright,
Hans Huckebein forthwith takes flight.

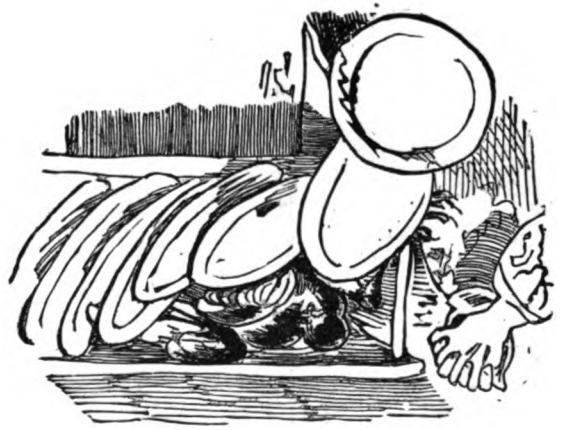


Made fleet by terror, jam he throws
On newly washed and ironed clothes.

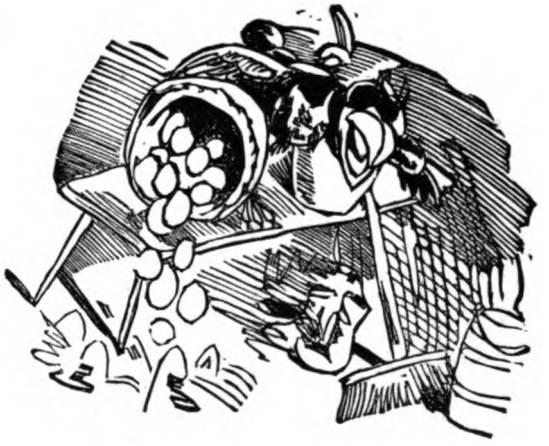
Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN DEARBORN

Digitized by Google



Thence through the china closet crashes,
And half her best new platters smashes.



Down goes the basket with the eggs —
And at the dearest season too, i' fegs.

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



Slam! goes the jug, out streams the beer
And spoils her Sunday boots, 'tis clear.



The water bucket down he dashes
And poor Aunt Lotty sadly splashes.

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



Across the room she headlong plunges,
And fork in hand, makes frantic lunges.



Fritz running in, knocks Aunty o'er,
Who straightway pins him to the floor.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



The raven's mischief now is done,
They fondly hope — There's more to come!



At Aunty's nose he snaps, poor martyr,
And she is sure she 's caught a tartar!

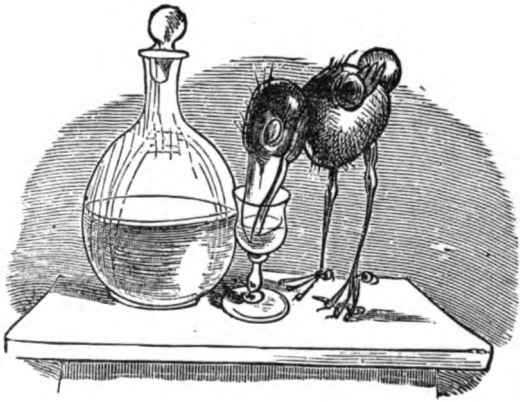
Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



His final hour swift advances,
A glass of wine his sight entrances.



How sweet it smells — Hans Huckebein
Is quick to test the sparkling wine.

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



With deep appreciative frown,
He lets the droplets trickle down.

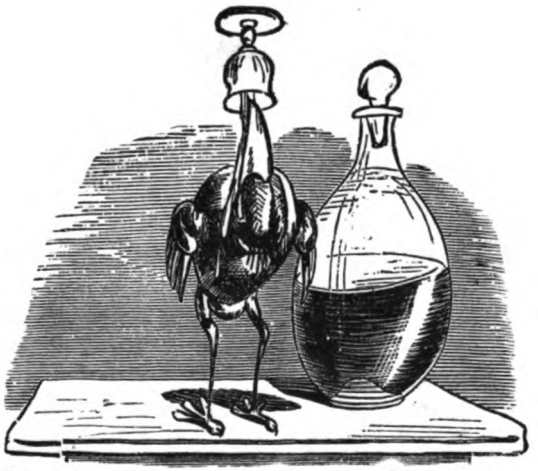


Not bad! and once again he dips
His beak and once again he sips.

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



He tips the glass for one last taste,
That nothing may be left to waste.



He feels so heavy, yet so light,
Ah me! he 's in a woeful plight.

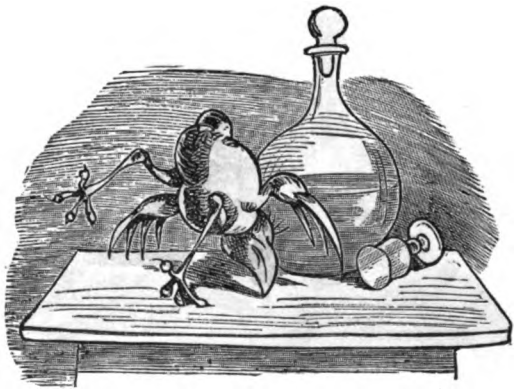
Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



Now on one leg himself he poises,
And gives free vent to curious noises.

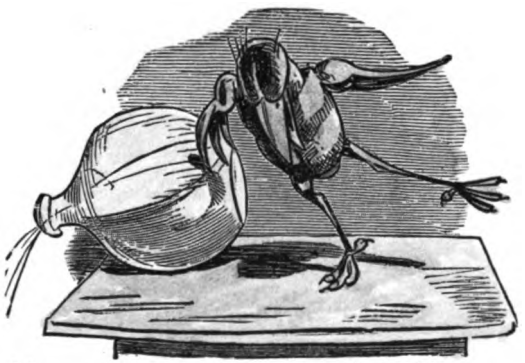


The bird which hitherto has flown,
Unto a creeping thing has grown.

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN DEARBORN

Digitized by Google



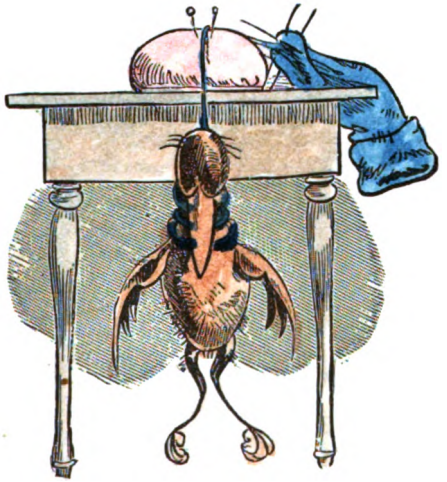
He makes a plan to ruin all,
Still goeth pride before a fall.



And lost to sense of what is fitting,
He even pulls at Aunty's knitting.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



The table 's smooth, — the rascal stumbles —
His end is near, — see there! he tumbles!



"Mischief was e'er his greatest pleasure,"
"So now" — says Aunt, "he hangs at leisure!"

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN DEPOSIT

Digitized by Google

THE BOY AND THE POP-GUN.

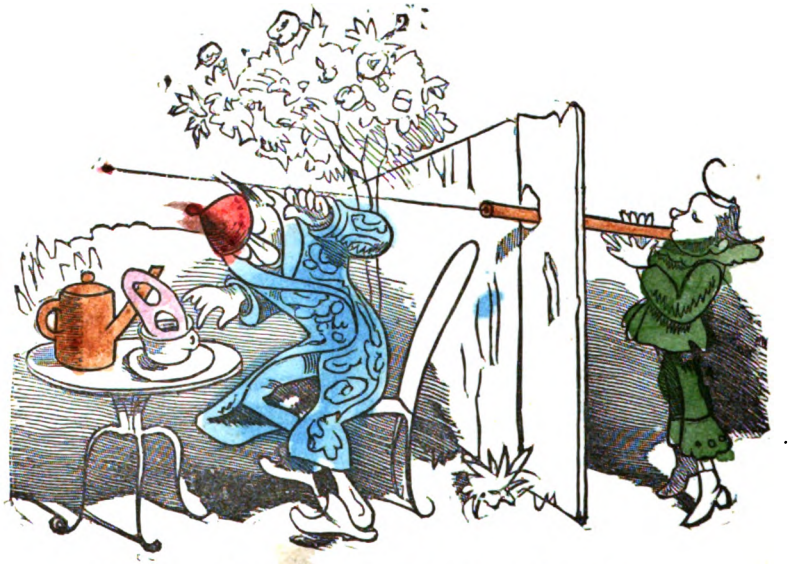
Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN DEARBORN

Digitized by Google



Here sits old Bartelmann a' sipping
His tea, in which a crust he 's dipping.



Frank with his pop-gun standing near,
Hits Bartelmann upon the ear.

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY



Digitized by Google



Good gracious me, so thinketh he,
From under here it sure must be.

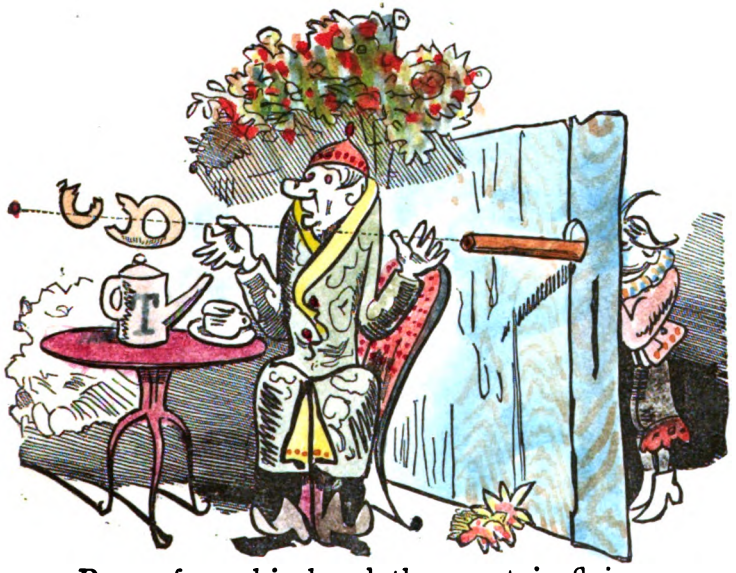


Oh no, thinks he, that can not be
And dips his bretzel in his tea.

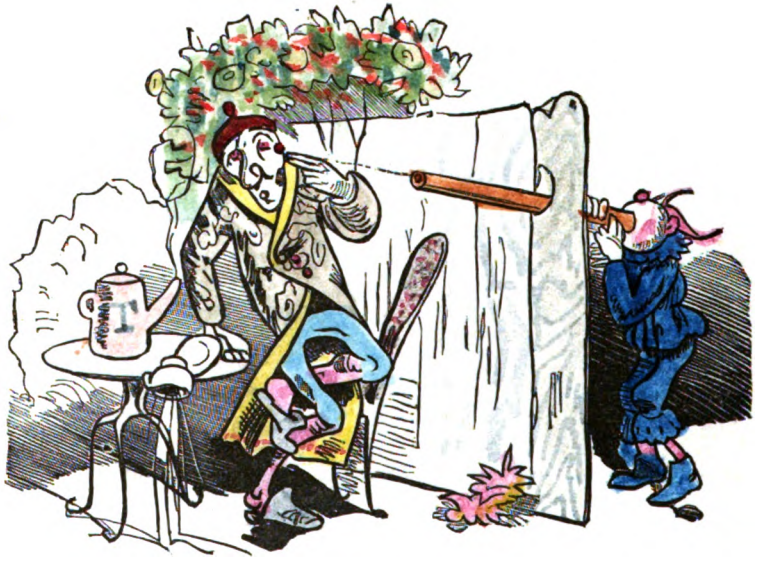
Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN DEARBORN

Digitized by Google



Pop—from his hand the crust is flying,
Old Bartelmann of fright 's near dying.

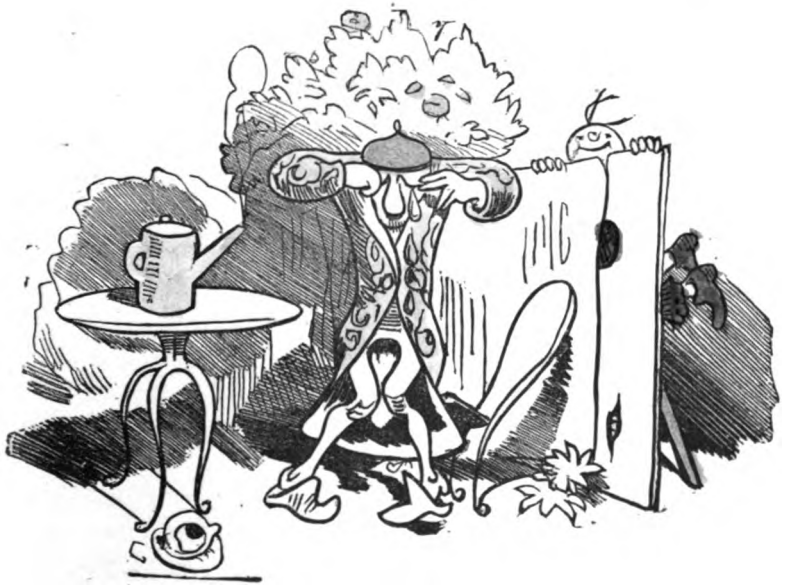


Then at his eye Frank aimed a dart;
Which made it sorely ache and smart.

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN DEARBORN

Digitized by Google



So that the tears all swiftly ran
Down cheeks of old Bartelmann.



Good gracious me, so thinketh he—
From up above, it sure must be!

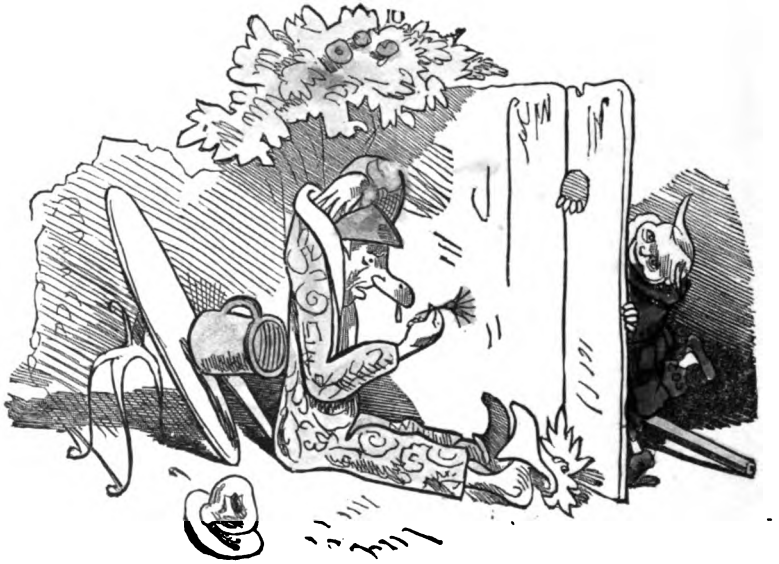
Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



Oh ho! he falls—for hurry scurry
Frank hits his nose in greatest flurry.



See now he sparkles at the thought;
Behind the fence the rascal's caught.

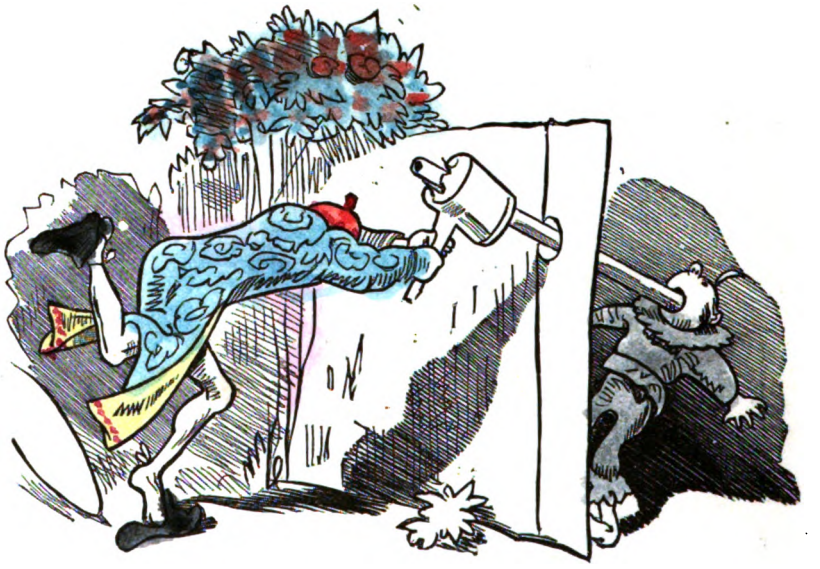
Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



When Bartelmann the dart espies,
An old acquaintance greets his eyes.



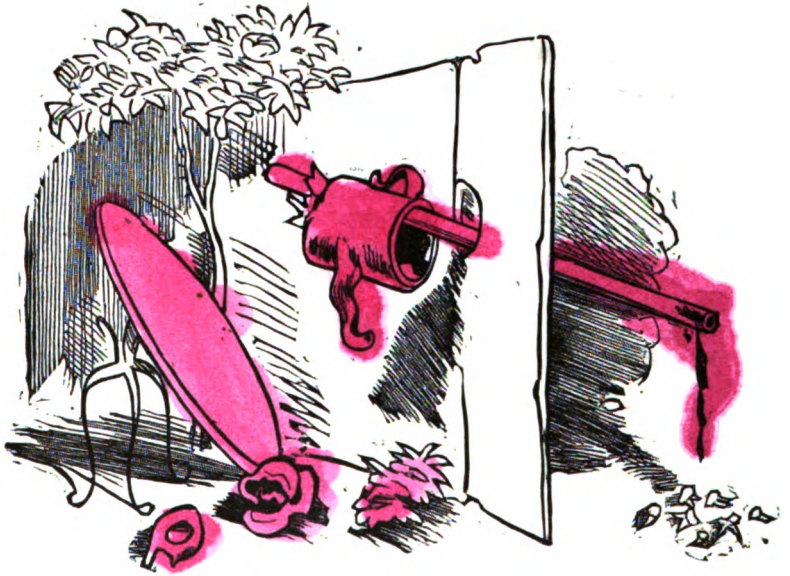
With coffee-pot he now doth gloat
To drive the pop-gun down Frank's throat!

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY



Digitized by Google



Take warning hence, you naughty chicks,
On older folks play no more tricks!

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

2 200 WS 7667
05/02 CC 02-013-02 GBC

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

jPF .Busc4 M4

Busch, Wilhelm, 1832-1908.

The mischief book

JUL 2 3 2002

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google